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# Blaine and the Presidency

## By Postmaster-General Charles Emory Smith

"IN 1876 I was very ambitious to be President; in 1880 I was still ambitious; but four months by the side of Garfield cured me of all desire to be President."

So spoke James G. Blaine to a friend who approached him in advance with reference to his nomination in 1884. He was undoubtedly sincere. He had shared the counsels, the contentions and the perplexities of those tumultuous four months which culminated in a national tragedy whose awful shock fell on him more than any other, as he walked with the murdered President when the fatal shot was fired. Time and sorrow had not dimmed his intellectual activity, but they had mellowed and moderated his personal ambition.

Mr. Blaine did not want to be a candidate in 1884. To the friends who were admitted to his confidence he was free and unreserved in his expressions. Not only had the Presidency lost much of its allurement for him, but he doubted whether any Republican could be elected that year. In the earlier stages of the discussion he repeatedly indicated his misgivings on this point, and, independent of other considerations, he was naturally reluctant to lead a forlorn hope. The skies were not propitious. The depression of 1883 had produced a reaction against the party in power. There were political disturbances and dangerous diversions in various quarters. Folger had been defeated and Cleveland elected Governor of New York in 1882 by the unprecedented figures of 192,854. Hoadley had beaten Foraker in Ohio in 1883 by 12,500. Even Massachusetts had elected Ben Butler in 1882 by 13,949, and had been rescued the next year by only 9864. Mr. Blaine, who was the keenest of political observers, did not fail to discern these ominous portents, and he honestly shrank from the contest.

### *Blaine's Desire to be Secretary of State*

To his objections there was a clear and cogent answer. His general horoscope was correct, but it did not apply to himself. He could be elected, and he alone. His personal popularity would countervail the adverse currents. Without fully yielding to this argument, there was one consideration which finally induced his acquiescence in the movement on his behalf. It was made plain to him that unless he became the rallying point of opposition the nomination of President Arthur was inevitable. The magic name of Blaine must be used to conjure the cohorts, even if in the end he refused and the column were transferred to another leader.

There were two reasons which led Mr. Blaine to listen to this appeal. One of them probably had a tinge of personal feeling and the other was wholly patriotic. When Vice-President Arthur succeeded the lamented Garfield, Mr. Blaine would have been glad to remain as Secretary of State, and though, like all his Cabinet associates, he followed the usual course of resigning, he inwardly hoped to stay. It was not a weak and sordid desire for place that impelled him, but he had initiated a great and important work as Secretary, particularly in the movement for a Pan-American Congress and a continental understanding, and he had an honorable ambition to complete it. There is little doubt that from the time of his service with Garfield the position of Secretary of State appealed to his tastes and aspirations more strongly than the Presidency itself. It was a disappointment to him that his far-seeing plans were interrupted, and he felt it.

The second and more conclusive reason was a deep and honest conviction that General Arthur could not be elected. He had, indeed, made a most gracious and winsome President. Coming to the Executive chair under the most trying circumstances, with a wide popular misconception of his quality and deep prejudices embittered by the tragic events which led to his elevation, his dignified bearing and his high public spirit had disarmed criticism and dispelled the cloud of misunderstanding. The country had not known his true character. It had regarded him simply as the successful New York politician. As a matter of fact he was a cultured and courtly gentleman, of high breeding, sensitive nature and lofty sense of honor. He loved English literature and reveled in its delights. His reading was broad and varied; his manners were perfect; his courtesy was unfailing. No man ever met a supreme emergency with more exquisite delicacy and true feeling than General Arthur displayed when, in the recesses of his own chamber, knowledge was conveyed of the great and unforeseen responsibilities that had come upon him. His poise and carriage, both intellectual and physical, befitted his exalted place. As Executive he was high-minded, conscientious and patriotic. Without being great, his administration was honorable, prudent and conservative.

Nevertheless, though the country came to have a juster appreciation of the real General Arthur, it is morally certain that his nomination in 1884 would have cost the election. His immediate friends contended that he was stronger than Mr. Blaine or anybody else in New York, and that New York was the pivotal State. There was much reason in this assertion. But Ohio then voted in October; with General Arthur's nomination Ohio would inevitably have been lost; and if Ohio were lost all was lost. It would have been impossible to stem the demoralization of such a preliminary and decisive defeat. As it was, Ohio was saved only by the earnest and uplifting personal canvass of Mr. Blaine, and it is extremely doubtful whether it could have been saved in any other way or by any other man.

### *His Brilliant Victory in Ohio*

The State was then in the midst of the disorganization and upheaval caused by the Scott law and the temperance agitation. The Republicans had been defeated for two successive years and the whole horizon was clouded. When the campaign was about to open Mr. Blaine attended a dinner at Cleveland of a dozen or more of the representative men of the State. These State leaders discussed their difficulties and various plans of meeting them. After listening for an hour Mr. Blaine said in vivid phrase, as the story came from his own lips: "Gentlemen, you have talked of nothing but your local difficulties; you suggest no line of fighting except over them; if that is to be the plan, then in my judgment the fight is already lost; 'that horse's eyes are sot.' But I am not ready to give up so. I start to-morrow on a two weeks' canvass of the State; I shall try to lift the battle out of your narrow local questions to great national issues; if this can be done Ohio may be won."

Mr. Blaine did as he said. In a week, with his magnetic personality and his captivating and effective oratory on the stump, he had the State aflame. The Scott law was dropped out of sight, and the appeal everywhere rang for protection and other high policies of national concern. Even then the Republicans carried the State by only 11,242, and it is plain that without just the fight Mr. Blaine made they would have lost. Disaster there in October would have been fatal to the whole Presidential battle. It was the realization of this truth that prompted the friends of Blaine to insist upon his candidacy, and it was their persuasive argument on this point that finally overcame his reluctance.

When once he yielded, he entered upon the contest with enthusiasm and determination. His leadership was worthy of a great national struggle. It was on the plane of serious issues and high public appeal. His enemies have been in the habit of saying that he liked to play to the galleries, and sometimes resorted to demagogic artifices. This is not the time or place to consider whether, when he was simply one of a group of leaders, each seeking to make his own position, he ever did the common thing among political rivals of using catch appeals.

But a single incident will serve to illustrate the spirit which actuated him when placed in a position of personal responsibility. After he had completed his letter of acceptance he invited three friends, the late William Walter Phelps, Whitelaw Reid of the Tribune, and another, to visit him at Augusta. To these friends he read his letter and asked their criticism. All were greatly gratified with its ability, penetration and wisdom, and had no criticism to make. Mr. Phelps, however, suggested that a paragraph about the flag should be inserted to stir patriotic feeling and rally support, and the others concurred.

"No," answered Mr. Blaine, "there is no good reason for it; it would simply be for effect, and I would not do anything as a candidate that I would not do as President."

Possibly that declaration may do something to modify an impression about Mr. Blaine that exists in many quarters. The mighty events of the past three years have given new meaning and lustre to the flag, and there is a real call to sustain its higher import and glory; but there was no occasion for special appeal in 1884, and Mr. Blaine would not affect it.

### *Belshazzar's Feast and Burchard*

Though in the early months of the year he sincerely doubted whether any Republican could be elected, after the canvass opened he came to have strong hope and faith. His own personal campaign was brilliant, and no other leader could have contributed so much to success. Several episodes of the later stages were calculated to shake confidence. The invitation to the rich men's banquet in New York, known as Belshazzar's Feast, was accepted by Mr. Blaine while he was away out in Indiana, and he did not know its real character. He supposed it was to be a private dinner. When he came to understand its true nature he divined its injurious effect and instinctively recoiled. The Burchard incident was beyond any man's control. Despite these malefic mischances he lost New York and the election by only 1047 on the face of the returns, and the subsequent proof of the Gravesend frauds leaves no doubt that he was really elected. But he accepted the result without a murmur and turned again to the social and literary pleasures from which he had been almost unwillingly drawn.

Mr. Blaine's relations to the nomination of 1888 present an interesting chapter of which some phases have not yet been written. His powerful hold on his party had not been disturbed by either his defeat or his retirement from active affairs. For more than a dozen years he had possessed an unrivaled place in its affections. No party leader since Clay had exercised such personal sway or commanded so great a personal following. It was inevitable, therefore, that thousands of his devoted adherents all over the country should eagerly look forward to another battle under his banner. Mr. Blaine, however, had inflexibly determined not to be a candidate. His reluctance of 1884 had deepened into a settled purpose, with the added point and force of his defeat. In order that there might be no mistake about his position he wrote a public letter from Florence, while on his European tour, to the Chairman of the National Committee, distinctly setting forth his fixed resolution not to permit the use of his name for the Presidency. In spite of this positive declaration there were those who still thought there was something Pickwickian in it. But his friends knew that he was in dead earnest. To a few he had written private letters in which he could speak with more freedom than in a public communication, and in them he had uncovered his thought with the utmost frankness. From one of these private letters which

happens to be at hand, and which is dated Florence, January 26, 1888, the following extract is made:

> My mind is made up not to be a candidate for the Republican nomination. Indeed, ever since the last election I have felt that I would not run again unless I should be called upon by the practically unanimous judgment and wish of the party. I did not expect to receive that unanimity and, therefore, feel no disappointment that other candidates are in the field. Should I permit my name to go into the Convention I should certainly meet Sherman from Ohio, Harrison from Indiana and Hawley from Connecticut. Now Indiana and Connecticut are two of the States which we must have to succeed. After being defeated I would not run again except upon a cordial, unanimous demand of those States, whereas I really meet their opposition. . . . . I do not doubt that I could be nominated, and if I had not been defeated in 1884 I would undoubtedly go into the Convention, but, having had my chance and lost, I do not wish to appear as a claimant with the demand of "try me again."

The spirit thus indicated may be left to speak for itself. The result of his attitude was that no organized movement was made for his nomination. Yet his dominant influence and even unasserted ascendency were such that, without any effort, any National Convention at that time was sure to be under the control of his friends. Accepting his refusal, they were divided between Sherman, Harrison, Allison, Gresham, Alger and others. There were so many aspirants that it took an entire day of continuous session and unbroken oratory to present their names. With this long array of candidates the Convention balloted for two days without any result or any marked lead. Underneath this contest on the surface there was the same deep personal feeling for Blaine which had surged and swayed every Republican National Convention for twelve years; and when the futile struggle had gone on for two days with no distinct predominance on the part of any candidate and no apparent prospect of an early solution, there was a spontaneous and widespread upspringing of sentiment in favor of making Mr. Blaine again the standard-bearer, whether he would or no.

No word was publicly spoken in the great Auditorium. Nobody touched a match to the feverish feeling which waited to burst into flame. But it was in the air. It was an electric thrill. It swept almost silently among the assembled thousands. Amid a quiver of excitement the Convention at noon on Saturday took a recess till four o'clock. Everybody felt that the hour had come. It was the general expectation that at the afternoon session Mr. Blaine would be nominated and that nothing could stop it. But within those two or three hours of pause potent influences were brought to bear. It happened that, when the recess was voted and the great crowd surged out of the hall, a friend met Emmons Blaine, the cool, self-poised, judicious son of the great leader. Under his calm exterior there was deep agitation. He knew his father's wish and purpose, and he meant that they should not be disregarded. "This thing," he anxiously said, "must be stopped. What shall be done?"

After a hasty luncheon and talk the two hurried over to the Grand Pacific to find Walker Blaine, the eldest and accomplished son who in his later years had come to be the right arm of his father. There the two sons took earnest counsel and measures to avert the imminent nomination. If anybody had ever doubted the sincerity of Mr. Blaine's refusal it could be questioned no longer when these members of his family labored so anxiously to prevent the action which seemed inevitable within the coming hour. They called the delegates from Maine together and insisted that their father's declared and known determination must be respected. Mr. Manley and others who were equally conversant with his purpose joined them, but there were hot-headed zealots who could hardly be persuaded and who made no little trouble. Finally it was proposed that the Convention, on reassembling, should immediately adjourn without action till Monday, leaving the time and calm of Sunday for deliberation. Meanwhile the active friends of the real candidates had worked in the same direction, the agreement was reached, and the vast crowd which thronged the galleries with the buzz of the coming dramatic consummation saw the delegates meet only to disperse without a vote.

Sunday was a day of suppressed excitement and of quiet but intense activity. Mr. Blaine, who was still in Europe, had been communicated with by cable, and his answer of absolute and peremptory refusal had been received. But all knowledge of it was kept within a limited circle, though this was not accomplished without difficulty. Mr. Boutelle, whose sad fate has caused so much sorrow, was one of those whose impetuous ardor could scarcely be restrained the day before. He was eager for Mr. Blaine's nomination at all hazards, and it was hard to bring his assent to even a postponement. When Mr. Blaine's cablegram put an end to all his hopes he was so hot that he wanted to give it out at once and contended that there was no right to withhold it. But there were cooler and wiser men who had other purposes. They wanted time to shape the forces under cover of the uncertainty about Mr. Blaine; they, therefore, wanted no publicity until the hour for action on Monday, and they had their way.

On Sunday evening a conference of Mr. Blaine's friends was called, embracing representatives from every State. Nearly or quite a hundred assembled. Very few of them knew of the dispatch which the morrow would disclose. The great majority, inflamed by the Blaine feeling that had been rekindled, wanted to carry out the purpose which had been on the point of achievement the day before and which in the minds of many had only been delayed. Less than half a dozen knew the truth, and they counseled moderation and such a course as would keep the column together ready for any emergency. Their prudence and restraint exposed them to reproaches from the vehement partisans, and it was rather amusing to see the fiery Haymond of the perfervid California band standing with uplifted finger over the knowing and astute Stephen B. Elkins and charging him with lack of fidelity to their great leader! The upshot was the appointment of a Steering Committee who were to be stationed at convenient places on the floor, and whose counsels and decisions were to be the signal for the Blaine column. It is often best to disarm and control a troublous spirit by giving him responsibility, and the eager but honest Haymond was placed on the Committee with a majority of safe and discreet men.

The waning hours of Sunday night witnessed much skillful play and adroit management. In that game of politics the New York leaders acted a large part, but this more familiar story need not be retold. When the Convention met on Monday morning its action had been substantially settled. Amid a deep hush the dispatch of Mr. Blaine was read, and, with the deck thus cleared and the way prepared during the preceding hours, the Convention speedily effected the nomination of General Harrison, to whom the majority of the Blaine men went. Without having assumed to influence or guide his friends, Mr. Blaine's political judgment concurred in the wisdom of that choice. By the general code of political recognition as well as by every consideration of personal preëminence he was entitled to be Secretary of State in the administration which his political strength had shaped, and when he was again installed in that place and took up the broken thread of the work he had dropped nearly eight years before the measure of his later ambition was filled.

This great office suited his matured and ripened faculties. In his earlier and more aggressive years he seemed more at home in contention than in diplomacy. He was a more picturesque figure as Speaker of the House. He stirred the country more when as the "Plumed Knight" he swept down the aisle and poised his lance against Ben Hill and other assailants. But with the greater breadth and sobriety of years and experience his tastes led along lines of larger national development. His irresistible charm of manner captivated the diplomatic circle, as it did all who came under its spell. He had creative power. His dream was a peaceful continental alliance, under the primacy of the United States. The Pan-American Congress, the policy of arbitration, the promotion of reciprocity, were all features of his comprehensive plan. As he resumed this work, in which all his mellowed enthusiasm was enlisted, he was happy and expectant. Under his masterly guidance it made a long advance, and it is a thousand pities that through misunderstandings which were foreign to his nature it was again interrupted, to be taken up no more by its brilliant author.

# The Past & Future of Telegraph & Telephone

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THE kinetoscope or moving-picture apparatus, with its wonderful power of representing to the eye past actions in the present tense, is occasionally used as a curiosity in amusement, by feeding the strip of pictures backward into the apparatus for the purpose of representing the past in seeming futurity, and reversing the order of the successive actions depicted. It has been suggested, with this amusing deception in mind, that if it were possible to reverse the direction of time, and thus suddenly to convert the past into the future, we should, if we had good memories, proceed to act certainly in a ludicrous fashion, but at least with a perfect knowledge of what the future would bring forth. In such a case prospect would be but inverted retrospect, and prophecy would be but recollection as seen in a looking-glass. Only under such impossible conditions can any prophecy be accurate in this changing world of ours.

In spite, however, of the futility of attempting to predict the future, in view of our ignorance of what new discoveries may be made, and of discoveries which may change the course of progress in the art of distance communication as completely as did the discovery of the telephone, it is always possible to estimate what may occur in the absence of new discoveries, and from a natural development of the means now in the possession of the community.

The effect of discoveries which will undoubtedly be made can only improve upon the estimate. Under these necessary limitations the history of the past development of telegraphy and telephony immediately rises into importance.

We have had the electric telegraph working in this country only since 1844 and the telephone since 1876. Yet in the few decades which have intervened a vast development in them has been witnessed.

Looking back upon that development we find that it has been carried on under the joint auspices of three essentially distinct classes of workers: namely, the business men, the operating men, and the scientific men. In his early struggles with the infant telegraph, Morse, the inventor, represented the first telegraph operator. He had a system ingeniously employing pieces of electrical apparatus that scientific men had but recently evolved. Morse had full confidence in the utility and capability of his system, but had the greatest difficulty in interesting business men in it, and in convincing them of its commercial value. The Government appropriation for the first practical trial telegraph line only just passed through the Senate in the closing hour of its 1843 session. The receipts of the line during the first four days of its public use are stated to have amounted to one cent. The electro-magnetic receiving instrument was an extremely clumsy affair, but with the aid of Professor Henry's scientific knowledge this apparatus was gradually simplified and improved. Slowly the telegraph wires began to spread over the country, and at the present time there are more than one million miles of overhead telegraph wire in the United States alone—a length sufficient to carry four wires to the moon—besides nearly double that amount of telephone wire.

The telegraph wires gradually became so busy that the operators could not dispatch the messages quickly enough over them, and duplicate wires had to be provided. If a wire is equipped between say New York and Washington, the ordinary method of signaling consists in sending electric current impulses over this wire in rapid succession under the control of the sending operator's key. A momentary depression of the key, or a "dot," sends a correspondingly brief current impulse, which runs over the wire in the form of an invisible wave advancing with the enormous speed of light. A trebly longer depression, or contact of the key, called a "dash," sends a correspondingly longer current pulse. There is a limit to the speed at which the transmitting operator can operate his key and translate words and sentences into current impulses. Fifty words a minute can rarely be reached even by a very rapid sender, for a minute or two, for the purposes of exhibition. Thirty words a minute is swift sending, and twenty words a minute represents the ordinary commercial speed. Consequently there is a definite limit to the number of messages that can be sent, by hand, over a wire in the ordinary way.

Before the wires first installed became too busy the scientific men had made much advance in the knowledge of the laws of electricity. Prior to the advent of the telegraph very little was known about electricity as produced by the voltaic battery. The stimulus to the study of electric science given by the application of telegraphy was so great, and so many remarkable phenomena observed by the practical telegraphists called for explanation, that the men who studied the laws of electricity determined a great number of new facts and coördinated the knowledge already obtained. A complete system of electrical measurements was established, so that electric currents could be measured and definitely described. A large amount of knowledge was thus accumulated in the first quarter of a century following the introduction of the electric telegraph, which knowledge formed a splendid fund of raw material upon which the more ingenious telegraphists could draw for new and practical telegraphic applications. Without this scientific development progress in the practical advance of the art of telegraphy would have been slower.

When the call came for more rapid telegraph service to keep pace with the growing traffic there were three plans open for meeting the difficulty: one was, of course, to install more wires—that is, reduplicate the existing wires and employ a correspondingly increased number of operators. This was an effective but an expensive way. The second was to substitute a machine transmitter for the key and human hand, and mechanical transmission for muscular action, so as to increase the speed of signaling, with a corresponding mechanical apparatus to register the messages at the receiving end. The third was to send several messages simultaneously over the wire without interfering with each other, both in the same direction and in opposite directions, so as to carry several messages at once, either by hand transmission or mechanical transmission.

As a result of the labors of the inventive operators mechanical transmission has come into extended use on wires that are heavily pressed with messages. If, for example, Washington has a large number of telegrams to send to New York by mechanical transmitter several operators at Washington set to work to prepare these messages for the transmitting machine. This is done by passing a long strip of paper about half an inch wide through a "perforator" having finger-keys, by the operation of which holes, corresponding to the dots and dashes of the messages translated

## *Wireless Telegraphy*

*By Edwin L. Sabin*

He told her that he loved her—
  Yet never said a word;
But list'ning in the silence
  She knew as though she heard.
From eyes to eyes the message
  Was sped amid a hush.
And straight her heart, translating,
  O. K.'d it with a blush.

into "Morse code signals," are punched in and along a band of paper. These perforating operators consequently transform words and sentences written in ink upon sheets of paper into words and sentences written in perforations upon a long band of paper. The perforated band is then fed into the transmitting machine, which proceeds automatically to make successive contacts and current impulses through the holes in the paper. In other words, the perforations, as they pass through the machine, permit the contacts of the mechanical key to be made through them. By this means a speed of transmission can be attained from three to thirty times faster than an operator could attain by hand. As these automatically started current impulses arrive at the New York office they produce corresponding impulses in a delicately adjusted little lever of the receiving instrument, which marks off the dots and dashes in ink upon a traveling band of plain paper. The dots and dashes on this paper strip are then deciphered and written out by a batch of receiving operators. The single wire from New York to Washington consequently keeps busy a group of transmitting and receiving operators, respectively turning written messages into signals, and signals into written messages.

### The Wonders of the "Quad"

The remaining methods of increasing the message-carrying power of telegraph lines is a very ingenious plan for sending messages simultaneously in opposite directions over the same wire. As this involves the simultaneous forwarding of electric waves or impulses from each end of the line, it would seem that these impulses must meet and clash in the line, thereby mutually neutralizing each other. The instruments are, however, so connected at each end of the line, that each instrument equally responds either to an impulse which arrives uninterfered with from the distant station, or to a clash of impulses, whenever it occurs. Consequently each receiver responds to each impulse that the distant station sends, since said impulses must either arrive or clash. At each end of the line, therefore, one operator may continuously send messages, and another operator continuously receive, as though each were operating upon a separate wire. A large number of important telegraph circuits are "duplexed" in this manner.

Still more interesting and remarkable is the work of the quadruplex system, which enables two messages to be sent simultaneously in opposite directions over the wire, or four messages in all. If we suppose this system installed between New York and Chicago, there will be two operators, A and B, at Chicago who are sending messages, and two, C and D, who are receiving them. Similarly at New York there will be two operators, *c* and *d*, who are sending messages, and two, *a* and *b*, who are receiving them. This wonderful achievement is fundamentally very simple, although it took many years and much labor to complete it successfully.

### The Difficulties of Cable Work

The overland electric telegraph is wonderful, but the submarine telegraph is still more mysterious and fascinating. When a wire is carried on poles overhead, by the side of roadway or railroad, every part of the line is accessible, and if the wire breaks or falls to the ground it is a comparatively simple matter to repair it. But when a vessel lays a wire upon an ocean bed in depths extending to two, three or even four miles, hundreds of times deeper than the diver's deepest reach, it seems wonderful that the wire can successfully invade Neptune's realm and unite in permanent communication lands which the oceans divide. It seems almost impossible that an ocean cable could ever have been laid or attempted without a long school of experience and training with short cables bridging rivers, estuaries, straits and little seas. First the wire has to be covered water-tight with a coat of gum to insulate it, and keep the current from emerging into the sea. Every inch of the wire has to be so protected, since a single small hole, by which the water might come into contact with the conducting wire, would allow the electric current to escape or leak, to the detriment, or complete loss, of the electric impulses at their proper destination. Then the insulated wire has to be sheathed with steel wires, to give it sufficient mechanical strength to be laid down, or picked up, in deep water. Much experiment and many failures were necessary on the part of the practical men before the processes of manufacture could be sufficiently improved to enable a submarine cable to be made and laid. It required much enterprise and faith on the part of capitalists, before they were prepared literally to sink property on the bottom of the sea. The entire value of that property was capable of being immediately destroyed if the cable broke, unless it was possible for vessels to raise the cable from the ocean depths and repair it. It would have been equally impossible for the business men to support the enterprise or for the practical men to achieve it if the scientific men had not accumulated a sufficient stock of knowledge of electrical and mechanical laws and processes to enable the working behavior of a finished cable to be predicted, or the position of a possible fracture determined. It is not a mere figure of speech, but it is in a certain sense an aphorism of history, that every cablegram across the seas is sent by the aid of, or through the expenditure of, past lives and treasure, the sum total of which would stagger the computer.

Nearly 200,000 miles of submarine cable are in operation in all parts of the world, with a fleet of about twenty specially constructed vessels for its laying and repair. The only gap in the telegraphic belt around the world lies in the Pacific Ocean, which is as yet uncrossed; but a Pacific cable is now being manufactured for the British Government, which, when laid, will complete the girdle of metallic conductor around the globe.

Practically all long cables are duplexed, so as to carry messages simultaneously in opposite directions, but none are quadruplexed, and the speed of signaling over long cables is comparatively small, owing to electric retardation of the impulses. In spite of the enormous amount of both scientific and practical work in this direction the limited speed of signaling over long cables is a serious impediment to cheap cable telegraphy. The signals themselves take only a small fraction of a second to cross the Atlantic, so that the receiving operator, say in Europe, is reading the message practically at the same moment that it is transmitted by the sending operator in America, but there is a limit to the number of impulses which can be sent in rapid succession without merging together, and becoming indistinguishable or undecipherable. Although the limitations in this direction are temporarily reached, yet in other ways the control over the behavior of these cables is wonderfully complete. When a cable breaks at the bottom of the sea, as it is liable to do at any time through attrition on the rocks, it is possible and usual to determine, within a distance of about a mile, where the fracture has occurred, and a ship is able to go close to the spot, pick up the cable from its ocean bed, on each side of the break in succession, and lay in new cable to fill the gap, thus reëstablishing electric communication.

### Some Marvels of the Telephone

Fully as wonderful, in a different way, is the ever-ready telephone. The saving which this little instrument effects to the community at large is enormous, estimated either in money valuation, or in convenience, or in time. It is difficult to realize that the large number of telephones now in use in the United States (estimated at nearly three millions) have all come into existence during the past twenty-five years. The electric impulses which actuate the electric telephone receiver, and cause it to emit its vocal sounds, oscillate or reverse in direction at the rate of hundreds of times in a second, in correspondence with the vibrations in the sound waves produced by the distant speaker's voice. Simple as is the mechanism of the ordinary hand-telephone receiver, it is yet marvelously sensitive to such oscillatory electric impulses arriving over an electric circuit. The electric impulses are so feeble by comparison with those used in telegraphy that, if it were not for this sensitiveness of the receiver held to the ear, it would be hopeless to obtain practical long-distance telephony. A single incandescent electric lamp commonly takes for its operation as much electric current as would supply 100,000 telephones in their ordinary conversational use, and would even be sufficient to supply current to 20,000,000 telephones at once, for the production in each of certainly very faint sounds, but yet sounds within the limits of audibility.

The telephone can be made to work successfully over a distance of a thousand miles or more. This, however, has only been accomplished by providing a relatively large conductor, or pair of conductors, so as to offer relatively but little obstruction to the feeble vibratory electric impulses. Beyond a distance of 1500 miles, the vocal sounds become so enfeebled, even with large telephone wires, that conversation became commercially prohibitive. Recently, however, electrical science has come to the assistance of the telephonist in a very interesting way. It has been found that by cutting the telephone wires of a long-distance circuit at every successive mile or so of distance, and connecting into the gap so made a coil of insulated copper wire, the conversational vocal sounds are considerably strengthened at the distant end of the long circuit, thus enabling practical telephony to be carried to a greater distance than would be possible without the use of such extra coils. At first sight this seems a contradictory result, since the operation is equivalent to making the telephone line longer than the actual distance covered, by reason of the many turns of insulated wire included in the added coils. The explanation comes from the fact that the coils of wire become magnetic under the influence of the transmitted vibratory electrical impulses corresponding to the vocal sounds, and the beneficial magnetic influence so obtained more than compensates for the detrimental effects of increased length of line wire. It is expected that by means of these extra magnetic coils inserted into the lines commercial telephony may be carried on eventually between the extreme limits of the United States and Canada.

### Late Progress in Wireless Telegraphy

In the last few years much attention has been devoted to, and much improvement made in, the direction of wireless telegraphy. The limits to which this very interesting method of electric signaling can be carried have been gradually extended from a few yards up to about one hundred miles. When two stations arrange to communicate in this manner each erects a long vertical insulated conductor like a flagstaff. The sending-station operator connects his vertical wire to a powerful electrical induction coil, by which he is able to electrify the vertical wire powerfully in momentary impulses, at successive intervals, corresponding to Morse-code signals in ordinary telegraphy. The electric impulses communicated to the vertical wire are projected radially outward in all directions over the earth's surface from the wire as an axis, in waves which are incapable of directly influencing the sight, or other human sense. It is known, however, that these invisible impulses are practically waves of what is ordinarily called light, except that whereas light usually consists of a nearly steady or continuous train of waves, these impulses are mere momentary disturbances or isolated groups of only a few waves, like those produced on the surface of water in a lake by the fall of a stone. Moreover, ordinary light is in waves of, roughly, one hundred thousand to the inch, and has rates of vibration to which the eye is physiologically tuned to respond; but the waves of wireless telegraphy are, roughly, several yards long, and have a correspondingly lower rate of vibration, to which the human eye is insensitive.

The invisible light waves run out over the surface of the ground at the same speed as ordinary visible light (about 186 miles in the one-thousandth part of a second) and are capable of acting upon any suitable responsive apparatus, or artificial eye, that may be situated in any direction, north, south, east or west, within the range from which the response can be obtained; for it is evident that the impulse becomes scattered and enfeebled as the radius of the wave increases, just as the ever-widening circle of waves produced in a pond by a falling stone become enfeebled as the wave advances. When the wave strikes the flagstaff-conductor of the receiving station it generates in that conductor a momentary electric impulse, which is capable of being rendered evident to the senses by a sensitive electric receiver, or artificial eye, connected with it. Consequently by sending the impulses at the transmitting station in Morse code, all of the receiving stations within the range of effective working will be influenced by the invisible outgoing light waves, and will spell out the message.

The difficulty naturally arises that if several transmitters are simultaneously at work within each other's radius of action the receivers will be perplexed by their mutual interference, just as though several stones were thrown into a pond at different neighboring points and in rapid succession. Progress is, however, already being made in this direction, and it would seem already possible to cause a particular receiving station to respond to one, and only one, corresponding sending station's impulses.

### The Future of Wireless Signaling

We may expect that the distance to which wireless telegraphy can be successfully carried will be considerably increased in the future as knowledge is accumulated on the scientific side, while apparatus and experience accumulate on the practical side. It is unlikely, however, that wireless telegraphy will supersede ordinary telegraphy on land. It is now known that wire telegraphy is fundamentally akin to the wireless since it uses the same invisible waves of light, but guides them over the surface of the telegraph wire. In other words, the electric impulses conveyed over the telegraph wire are essentially the same as those which run out in all directions from the wireless transmitter's flagstaff conductor; but, whereas the latter radiate out and attenuate as they run, so that their range of action is necessarily more limited, the use of the telegraphic conducting wire acts as a central guide, along which the electric waves can be threaded and advanced in a kind of parallel beam, like an imaginary searchlight beam, with very much lessened weakening and attenuation; so that the distance at which the electric traveling waves of

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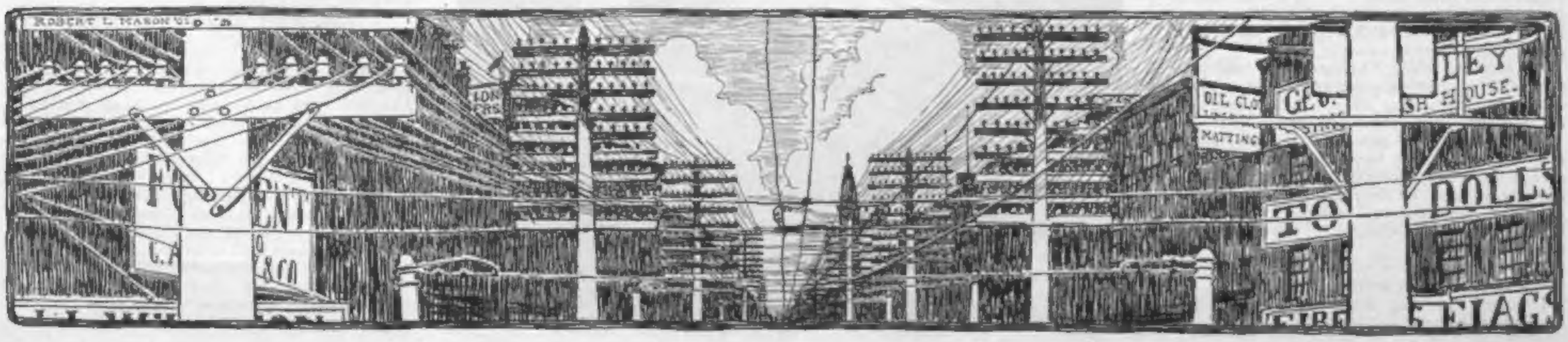

# The Love Affairs of Patricia—Foiling Fate

## By Lilian Quiller-Couch

WE HAD been discussing Mrs. Blompin's garden party for half an hour—Cousin George, Mr. Featherstone-Hope and I; and I had just concluded the description of the frock I meant to wear (they had asked for it—the description, I mean, not the frock), my narrative style being shaped with a view to the delectation of Cousin George and the enragement of Mr. Featherstone-Hope. I was just flattering myself that I had succeeded even beyond my expectations when Mr. Featherstone-Hope took over the burden of conversation to himself.

"I," he announced solemnly, "shall wear my best frock coat, and my best shiny boots, and—yes, my palest lavender tie—the one with the thin white line in it, and a white rose in my button-hole—wired, you know——"

"White flower of a blameless life, I suppose," I remarked, in what I intended to be scathing tones.

"Exactly," he agreed pleasantly, "and my best hat, the tall silk one with the slightly curled brim——"

"You'll have a few chiffon rosettes beneath the slightly curled brim at the back, surely?" I asked with elaborate sarcasm.

"No;" he looked at me severely; "I never spoil the simple perfection of my style by overadornment. And when," he continued, "I come up to you and greet you——"

"Don't believe a word he says," I said consolingly to Cousin George, who was chewing more haystalks than were good for him or profitable to the farmer on whose land we were trespassing. "He has not been invited."

"That makes not the slightest difference to me," declared Mr. Featherstone-Hope with hauteur.

"I can believe that," I replied, "but it makes a little difference to Mrs. Blompin—a sort of bulwark, you know."

"I know you are endeavoring to insult me," he remarked with fine toleration, "but I am going to that garden party."

"A strange taste——" I murmured, addressing a foxglove. We were sitting on a bank in a shorn hayfield, overlooking a cornfield, about a mile and a half from Aunt Theresa's house, where Cousin George and I were staying. (Mr. Featherstone-Hope visited the village at short intervals.) "A curious fancy—that, for intruding——"

"Have you not told me that you are going?" he protested dramatically. "In a pink muslin frock?—and a burnt-straw hat?—with——"

"I," I remarked with dignity, "have been asked, and am going suitably clad."

"I *shall* be asked," he retorted, "and as to suitability of clothing—can you detect one flaw in my toilette as far as you have permitted me to describe it to you?"

"There are some persons," I mused aloud as I watched a poppy bending with the bending corn, "who always wear the wrong thing—one can always count on their doing so——"

"You may go on talking," said Mr. Featherstone-Hope cheerfully; "you will not offend me."

"Some again, are so thick-skinned——"

"Miss Pomeroy, I protest!"

I turned my eyes from the poppy to Mr. Featherstone-Hope.

"I had not suggested skins, and I cannot—you know I cannot wear pink muslin; but when I take a simple, child-like pride in my appearance, need you scorn and abuse my efforts?"

"Did I really do all that?" I inquired in idle surprise.

"You did, and I felt it keenly."

"The heat," I explained; "merely the heat. That probably is also answerable for your hopefulness. Mrs. Blompin's worship of ceremony is superlative; you could not possibly go, uninvited, to her garden party."

"I shall be there," he said solemnly, "and, whatever my costume, you shall afterward admit that you have never seen me more appropriately dressed."

"A sort of Claude Melnotte 'get up' would be pretty and effective for you. And George might wear the same."

"Flannels are good enough for me," remarked George.

Cousin George does not have much to say when Mr. Featherstone-Hope is near; he spends most of his time chewing things rather fiercely. I don't think, though, he ever guessed that, not very many weeks ago, Mr. Featherstone-Hope and I had been what is popularly termed "all-in-all" to each other. I found it difficult to believe, myself.

"You won't allow your tie to clash with my frock, will you?" I pleaded, beaming upon him, "for Aunt Theresa will forget me as soon as she sees a cup of tea, and I shall cling to you for support if no serious obstacle interferes."

"Nothing in the world shall interfere," murmured Cousin George, looking unutterable things very obviously.

Most of the tennis girls were as autumn sunsets, rich reds and purples by the time Aunt Theresa, Cousin George and I reached Mrs. Blompin's on the day of the garden party. So I said I thought I'd like to have an ice and watch the play for a while. My dressmaker once told me that it was always wise to keep a pattern of the original color, and it occurred to me that on this occasion I might as well play the part of pattern.

"I have a surprise for you young folks," declared Mrs. Blompin, scintillating with beads and coquetting with ponderous archness, in a shaft of sunlight, as we sat by the entrance of the little marquee, eating ice-creams and wishing them icebergs. "The frivolous, credulous young creatures amongst you will delight in it, I am sure."

Cousin George began to eye his hostess with an interest her mere personal charms had not aroused. I, also, felt pleasantly curious.

"May we know our delight?" I pleaded. "Is it actually to triumph over this?" and I tapped my little glass plate.

"Miss Pomeroy is eager already," laughed Mrs. Blompin with heavy hilarity, turning from patting Aunt Theresa's hand to beam upon me.

"I am eagerness personified," I admitted, mentally wondering what would be Mrs. Blompin's standard of "frivolity" and "credulity."

"I hope it is nothing to make them sillier than they are at present," murmured Aunt Theresa placidly, taking advantage of her free hand to accept a cup of tea.

"Ah, Time must tell us the effect," declared our hostess.

"Is this kind?" I pleaded. "In this temperature——"

"No, my dear; I am a wicked tease; but, in atonement, you shall be the first to know the secret. The fact is I was persuaded to engage a palmist, an Oriental palmist—the real thing, you know—named Mentuhotep—so *very* Oriental, you know—and we have him in a beautiful little tent down by the pond; all quite Eastern. You *must* take your cousin there," she added, turning to George, "as soon as ever she has eaten her ice. There will be such a rush for him when I tell the others."

As we crossed the lawn, Cousin George and I, I glanced about me, but I did not anywhere see any silk hats with slightly curled brims——

"Are you superstitious?" asked Cousin George abruptly as, after shaking hands and diplomatically, if romancingly, concealing our destination from several groups on the way, we

*"You be done first," I whispered to Cousin George. . . . "Nonsense; I don't believe in the rot," he protested*

turned into the winding path which led to the pond—and the East. "Do you believe in all this sort of thing?"

"What sort of thing?" I asked absently.

"Those palmists—and fortune-telling fellows, and—— What is it you want?"

I had stopped at an opening in the bushes to look back upon the lawn.

"I was only wondering," I explained, "if Mr. Featherstone-Hope did come after all. I haven't caught a glimpse of him yet."

"Considering you have not been on the grounds a quarter of an hour, you haven't wasted much time," he returned snappily.

"Wasted! Oh, no. I have not wasted any," I answered sweetly.

Cousin George's brow began to straighten a little until I said the wrong thing and arrested the process. "What was it you were saying about palms?"

"I was speaking of palmists," he said huffily.

"It's not the least bit of good being cross," I said mildly. "It was not my fault if you did not speak distinctly. You *would* go to Germany and dislocate your tongue. And if the palmist were to see you now you would give him quite a wrong impression."

Cousin George was not quite certain whether that last remark was sweet or bitter. Dear Cousin George is a little slow-minded sometimes.

"The fellow doesn't depend on impressions, I suppose, if he knows his business," he retorted, still huffy, but less so.

"Do you believe in them?" I asked, with gentle concern; "palmists, I mean."

"No, I don't."

"I think I do," I said hesitatingly, "if they tell me things—things I like—things that are pleasant——"

"I wonder what you'd call 'pleasant.'"

I sighed. "Do you?"

Cousin George's brow became almost smooth.

"Tell me, Patty," he pleaded.

"This," I said softly, indicating nothing.

"Is that the real downright tr——" he began.

"Goodness gracious!" I interrupted inelegantly as we turned a corner and faced a little three-cornered erection covered with Indian rugs, Japanese embroideries and a variety of striped materials of cosmopolitan manufacture.

"Here's the East!"

Mentuhotep certainly looked very something which was not British. There was not much of him to be seen but his eyes, he was so swathed and covered up—a regular veiled prophet; but no one, I thought to myself, except an Oriental could stand that stuffy little tent with the thermometer at eighty-nine degrees in the shade. Even as it was, I thought I heard a "Phew" of semi-suffocation issue from the "East" as we approached, but supposed I must have been mistaken.

"You be done first," I whispered to Cousin George as I tried to push him forward when we stood face to veil, so to speak, with the palmist.

"Nonsense; I don't believe in the rot," he protested.

"In that case," I argued, "it cannot hurt you to hear the worst." And I took his hand (he *is* my cousin, you see) and presented it to Mentuhotep. Mentuhotep received it from me as if it had been a precious gift, and scanned it closely for some moments.

"The other!" he demanded suddenly; and I jumped.

"The one hand," the prophet began, in excellent broken English, "shows me what you were when you were born, the other what your will and actions have brought you to, and what the future holds for you."

"Rather a serious affair for you," I murmured to Cousin George. "Would you rather I went away?"

"You will," continued the prophet, "live very many years of life; dull, worthy years of monotonous righteousness. You will love, but you will not be wedded——"

I sighed again. I meant it as a sigh of sympathy for Cousin George, for no man of Cousin George's age likes to be told that his matrimonial affairs are absolutely out of his hands—literally and metaphorically. Cousin George looked at me, half-defiant, half something else; the defiance I presumed was for Mentuhotep; the something else, though I could not define it, was, I felt sure, for me.

"You will succeed," continued the prophet, "in many worldly matters—in your ambitions——"

"Why," I exclaimed, "you haven't got any! ——"

"You know nothing about it," retorted Cousin George. Whether he addressed me or Mentuhotep did not seem clear.

"But," continued the prophet, with what I thought unnecessary insistence, "you will not succeed in love. You will propose marriage; the proposal will not be considered. You will offer heart and hand; they will be declined again, and again, and yet again."

"Poor old George!" I exclaimed.

"All rot," he declared.

"You mustn't fly in the face of Fate," I protested.

"I'd fly in everything's face if I wanted to," he persisted.

"Then I'm afraid Mr.—Mr. Mentuhotep will prove correct," I said resignedly as I turned to the palmist. "No one could marry that cockchafer-in-the-dusk sort of person."

Then I stood and listened to the conclusion of Cousin George's fate; his worldly prospects, his weak state of mind, his misfortunes, his enemies, and his mode of death.

Then came my turn.

"Your life," began the prophet, holding my two hands firmly in his (I certainly did feel a little inclined to run away), "has been, for its length, somewhat full of changes connected with the heart line. It will be long and, on the whole, happy, though broken by periods of regret."

I made no comment.

"You will be wedded to a dark bridegroom——"

"Oh, how romantic!" I murmured to Cousin George.

"You'll have a few chiffon rosettes beneath the slightly curled brim at the back, surely?"

Cousin George murmured something also. Cousin George is light-colored.

"A bridegroom, tall, with hazel eyes——" (Cousin George is not tall and his eyes are blue-gray.) "You will love this man with all your heart——"

A curious little fright took hold of me; the thing seemed uncanny. Something made me look at the prophet at that moment. The prophet also looked at me. Then I read swiftly the secret of "the East" as represented in Mrs. Blompin's three-cornered tent by the pond. The eyes of Mentuhotep twinkled at me above his veil, and I knew why his voice had startled me at the beginning; the eyes were not exactly those of a seer; the voice was the one I had last heard as we walked back from the hayfield two days before.

"And I know no such," I affirmed in mock despair, "no such possible bridegroom."

Cousin George brightened. "Sounds a bandbox sort of fellow," he remarked. I blessed him fervently but silently.

"The lady is not pleased with her fate?" asked the palmist.

"It is too great for me," I said modestly. "You said, I think," I ventured, "that one can alter one's life by one's will—and actions and things?"

"It is possible at times," admitted Mentuhotep with some slowness and doubt.

"That will be it," I smiled back, half ruefully, as I drew away my hands and prepared to turn from the tent. "I shall probably have to put up with some inferior sort of husband—something quite ordinary and fair. It will be just my luck. Thank you, Mr. Mentuhotep. I *must* send some of the others down to you; they will be charmed."

"Why didn't you hear some more?" asked Cousin George as we strolled back along the winding path.

"I thought I had had enough," I retorted. "It was sufficiently bad to have one's future bridegroom sketched before a critical relative; I didn't want attention drawn to my brain-power and my death."

"Oh, that's pretty far off," he said confidently.

"Cousin George!"

"The death, I mean," he exclaimed hurriedly.

It was that evening after dinner that Cousin George proposed to me for the fifth time. I had always refused him, of course, hitherto, and then had done my best to comfort him—offered to be a sister to him, and that sort of thing. But he seemed to have no fancy at all for that kind of comfort; he was obdurate on the point—said he'd "sooner stick to the 'cousin' business, if it came to that." When a man's in that mood there's no arguing with him.

"I am to have a dark bridegroom," I said, laughing unsteadily, "and you are my fair cousin."

"Cousin be hanged! I don't want to be your cousin. I want to knock that silly chap's head off."

"But why? You said you didn't believe in that sort of thing."

"*You* said *you* did," he retorted.

"Only when I'm told something I like."

"Well," fiercely.

"He told me nothing I liked," I confessed sweetly.

"Patty," he cried hoarsely, "do you mean that? Don't you care for that dark, Featherstone-Hope fellow?"

"Cousin George," I replied, "you must never admit that you doubt my word."

"Then say what I want to believe! Say you will marry me, Patty."

"But I've told you so often——"

"I don't care. I'll go on asking forever—Will you marry me, Patty?"

I began to waver. And I thought of Mr. Featherstone-Hope—Mentuhotep I mean, and how he had dared——

"Will you?" he demanded.

"Oh, well," I replied resignedly, "I don't mind if I do."

We had to apologize to Aunt Theresa later for leaving her alone so long. She smiled placidly when we told her what we'd been arranging, and openly told George she pitied him.

I happened to be alone when Mr. Featherstone-Hope crossed the lawn to me next morning.

"I am ready to admit," I laughed as I greeted him, "that I never saw you more appropriately clothed than at Mrs. Blompin's garden party. Did you enjoy yourself?"

"It was," he replied, "an interesting revelation. And you?"

"Oh, I! I generally enjoy myself; besides I was rather more of a success than you."

"Ah! As—how?"

"I merely went to decorate the landscape. You'll admit I did it."

"Undoubtedly. While I——?"

"You professed to reveal the future."

"And I did it," he declared.

"You promised me a dark bridegroom," I said.

"Well. Am I not ready to sacrifice——"

"And he will be a fair one," I grumbled.

"What, in the name of all that's capricious, are you talking about now?" he demanded, wrinkling up his nose.

"About my bridegroom," I admitted deprecatingly.

"He will be a fair one!"

"Yes, quite light-colored," I protested aggrievedly; "almost strawy."

"But how—but why——"

"I am engaged to Cousin George," I declared.

"I don't believe it," he asserted.

"Yes, I *am*, and it was all your fault—you said he would be dark—and I believe I'm very glad—and—oh, you mustn't look like that, please—you shouldn't have done it, you know. Oh, please don't—here he comes——"

As George and Mr. Featherstone-Hope met I went off to see Aunt Theresa, and when I looked back from the screen of the brier hedge I saw George offering Mr. Featherstone-Hope a cigarette; and I believe I felt a warm, pleasant little feeling, which, perhaps, may have been just shaded with revenge; I'm not sure. I *think* I'm sure, though, that not a single qualm of regret was mingled with it.

# Thompson's Progress—The Rise of a Self-Made Man—By Cutcliffe Hyne

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"Scratch-scratch went his pen"

### THE PHILANTHROPIST

NOW in all Bradford there was no keener man of business than the young Mr. Thomas Thompson, of the growing firm of Thompson & Asquith, manufacturers, and though he was very generous, also, with his money, that side of his character was often overlooked because it was his habit to do all his benefactions on the quiet. He was popular in the town, undeniably popular, even with those who got the worse half of a deal with him. He was well set-up and good-looking—and this goes a long way; he was sprucely dressed—and clothes have more to answer for than many people think; and he exuded good humor—which is always a pleasant atmosphere to share, whether you are paying for its presence or not. But in a town and at a time where hard bargain-driving was the rule, Tom established at a very early age the reputation of being one of the shrewdest of the community. There was a saying in currency that if T. Thompson sold you anything for a shilling, he had always lobbed sixpence profit over the transaction.

Still, being an eminently successful man, he was, of course, not without his enemies; and although he was not a fellow easily ruffled, it is placed on record that in one or two places he was a pretty sturdy hater himself.

The strongest of all his antipathies was against Mr. Fletcher Bentley. I think it was the result of two very dissimilar natures grinding together. They saw much of one another. They did business together four times a week, and on each occasion warmed up their mutual dislike. Bentley was a merchant and bought the class of goods which Thompson & Asquith manufactured, and none of the three of them was a man to let a private enmity stand in the way of commerce.

Fletcher Bentley was unmarried, and had no relatives with whom he was on speaking terms. His one human hobby was the collection of books. He was no reader, but he was a connoisseur of editions and bindings, and built wing after wing on to his library, and derived dusty ecstasies from seeing the new shelves stretch out and fill. But this was only for evenings' relaxation. On six days of the week he toiled in his office in Bradford. On the seventh, after chapel, he drove out to the farm beyond Bingley that had been his father's and walked round it with the foreman. He gave no orders then, being a great stickler for the sanctity of the Sabbath, but when he got back to his office on Monday it was his custom to dictate a long letter of instructions to the foreman. He farmed, as he did everything, successfully. He put no sentiment into it: he simply ran the land, as he did his warehouse, to make money, and he did not care a rap from whose pocket it came so long as the coins finally arrived in his own palm.

It occurred to him one day that the shooting rights of this farm had a value, and that afternoon, after making a purchase of fancy worsted coatings from Tom, he asked him if he knew of a customer for the hares.

"I'd take the place myself if it is worth anything," said Tom, "but I don't think there'll be much game there. It's never been preserved, and those Bingley chaps are rare poachers."

"I can tell you, Thompson, that no poacher ever sets foot on my land. The game's my property, just as much as the cattle and the other stock, and my foreman out there watches cleverly that it's not meddled with."

"He must be a remarkably capable man, then, that foreman."

"He is. Well, just think over the offer and, if you like, go and see the ground for yourself. There's no hurry about deciding at once. I'll keep the offer open for a month."

As it happened, when Tom got back to the mill his partner, Hophni Asquith, once more brought the subject of Mr. Fletcher Bentley into the foreground. He pointed out that that eminent merchant had again claimed two and a half per cent. for shortages on the last lot of pieces they had delivered to him.

Hophni had developed into a mere creature of routine, and Tom found him a very convenient partner. He, Tom, was quite able and willing to introduce all the dash and push and invention that the firm had any use for, and, moreover, he was an excellent salesman, neither wasting his own time nor that of the purchaser, and possessing that knack for extracting high prices from a customer which is born in a man, and cannot be obtained by mere greed and education. He was a fellow of infinite endurance, and could, when necessary, work for forty-eight hours on end. But he had a hankering for the open air. He could always drive a better bargain in the street than he could in the stuffy atmosphere of an office. His best ideas for new patterns of cloth and new arrangements of machinery always came to him when he was tickling for trout under the bank of some lonely stream, or when he was setting snares for grouse amongst the heather of some wind-swept moor. He was very much primitive man, and he worked best without too many trammels of civilization.

The pale, slight Hophni, with his square-cut red whisker, on the other hand, seemed made for indoor employment. He loved the smell of ink, and the rattle of looms was music to him. Both whispered to him of money. Money and his wife were the only things he really cared about.

"It's very annoying," said Hophni, "these continual reductions that Bentley makes. They cut into profits more than I like. But I suppose we shall have to put up with them. He's too good a customer to offend."

"We'll not lose him," said Tom, marching up and down the narrow private-office floor. "I'd not lose old Nick as a customer once I'd got him on the books. But if Mr. Fletcher has been robbing us, I'm going to let him see that we know it, and take the change out of him somehow."

"You'd better be careful. It won't do to offend him."

"Offend your grandmother! He can't hate me personally any more than he does at present. Has the taker-in measured off those pieces we send out to Bentley's to-day?"

Hophni handed over the figures on a sheet of paper.

"Right. Now, just put that in the safe and make out another, giving three yards more measure to each piece."

"But he'll fly up terribly, lad, if we invoice——"

"Just think a minute. Do you imagine I don't see my way pretty clear to something?"

Hophni Asquith left off pulling at his square red whisker, and wrote the paper out afresh, stating the length of each piece as three yards more than it really measured. He still did not see how the manœuvre would profit them; but Tom evidently did, and he had a profound confidence in Tom's ingenuity and invention from previous sampling—the which mood was what the sturdy Mr. Thompson liked. He disapproved of too many inquiries. In fact, he was a trifle too masterful in this respect quite to suit everybody's taste.

However, by degrees Hophni appreciated the details of the plot. Mr. Fletcher Bentley, as usual, when the time came for payment, knocked off some two and a half per cent. for shortages, and Tom's dogged jaw began to show itself with rather unpleasant prominence. He put on a hat and buttoned his coat. "Trapped the old fox fairly this time," he said with grim approval. "I'll go around and talk to him about his morals."

Tom walked abruptly into Mr. Bentley's office and nodded a dry greeting. "I've come," he said, "about those shortages you complain of. We don't agree with you in the amount of these shortages."

Mr. Fletcher Bentley began to pull at his pointed satyr-like ears. "Then I can leave off buying from you if you don't like my terms."

"Nothing of the kind. You are useful to us. But I want you to keep your word, and be decently honest—that's all."

For a mere manufacturer to speak to a merchant in this style was nothing short of rank blasphemy, and Tom knew it.

Bentley waved his hand. "There's the door, Mr. Thompson."

Tom's big jaw stuck out till it became an absolute deformity. "If I go out of here now, I walk straight on 'Change and lay the grounds for a libel action which you'll have to bring against me whether you like it or not. You'd better own up at once."

"I've nothing further to say to you. The shortages claimed were exactly as they existed. I can't show you the pieces, because, of course, they have gone on to customers."

"Naturally they would do. Who measured the pieces?"

"The taker-in."

"Will you let me see his book?"

"I don't see why I should, but I am willing to satisfy you in everything reasonable. Afterward I shall make your bit of a firm smart for this impertinence. I've a considerable amount of influence amongst Bradford merchants."

"Oh, we won't discuss pains and penalties for just another minute."

A man came through the door dressed in a long, checkered brat. He was the taker-in.

"Was it you who measured these pieces?"

The man looked at his employer, got a nod, and said, "Ay."

"And you measured them accurately? You measured this piece, for instance, number thirteen-ought-forty-three, accurately?"

"Ay."

"And found it to contain fourteen yards and nine inches?"

"If that's what I wrote, that's what it wor."

"Then, my man, you're just as big a liar as your master. The invoice we sent with those goods says thirteen-ought-forty-three was fifteen yards and thirty inches. But look here." He pulled another sheet of paper from his pocket and slapped it on the desk. "That was the original invoice. We've long thought you were a pack of thieves here, and so we set a gin for you this time, and, by goy, you're well trapped. So that there shall be no mistake, we got in two independent witnesses, who measured the goods for themselves, and signed this statement as you see. Then we made out another statement clapping three yards on to each piece. You didn't measure one of them. You simply made your own deduction, and Mr. Fletcher sent a check, thinking he'd stolen two and a half per cent., as usual. Well, that check's cashed, and as we've been paid on two and a half yards per piece in excess of what was delivered we'll call that quits on what we've been swindled out of in the past. But see that you don't do it again."

Mr. Fletcher Bentley had sat through this harangue like a person on the verge of an epilepsy.

"Now," said Tom, "as you've nothing more to say, I'll go. I suppose most men who had caught you like this would refuse to sell you another yard of stuff. We shall merchant all our own stuff presently. We've got a Chinese shop that in a year or two will be one of the biggest things in the Eastern trade. But for the present you are useful to us, and we shall go on selling to you. Indeed, I'm open to making a concession. I'll repeat your last order, if you like, at twopence a yard less."

"Very well," said Bentley, pulling himself up with an effort, "you can have it at that." He felt he must pocket his pride and keep peace with this dangerous young man at any price. "But how can you do it at the lower figure?"

"Because I always charged you threepence a yard more than I took from others, to cover the loss caused by your little ways. But I think we understand one another better now. Bid ye good-morning, Mr. Bentley."

For Mr. Bentley, so far as business was concerned, the rest of that day was ruined. He could not get his commercial balance again, and distrusted himself too much to give another order. He finally broke through his rigid rule and went home at four o'clock instead of six. A new parcel of books had arrived that morning, and he promised himself that in gloating over these and fitting them to their shelves he would forget Thompson's injurious treatment.

As for Tom, he tilted Mr. Fletcher Bentley out of his thoughts the moment he left his office, and took up again the threads of his many other interests. He remembered him again for a moment when he reported his downfall to Hophni Asquith, and then removed his mind entirely from business of all description. He had a dinner-party afterward, and he liked good dining and pretty women; a concert to follow that, and music was one of his great indulgences; then a couple of hours with a Belgian clerk whilst he hammered at colloquial French; and at half an hour after midnight he was free for the rest of the evening. He was never a man who took more than four hours of sleep, and the night outside invited him pleasantly. The smoke of the busy town had sunk, and a purple heaven overhead was picked out delicately with diamond star-points. He was always impatient of conventional walls at the tamest of times, and just then the house cramped him horribly. Tom laughed and swung on his hat. Then as the thought of the open warmed him, he went and changed his clothes. One cannot poach very decorously in the black of evening wear. "We'll make a night of it," he said to Clara, and tweaked one of her tattered ears. "You disreputable old person, you'll take good care I don't get too respectable whilst you are above the sod." The other dog rammed a strong, cold nose into his

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**Editor's Note—This is the third of six striking stories by Mr. Hyne, descriptive of the rise and adventures of Thompson. The first, which appeared in The Saturday Evening Post of June 29, described him as a vagrant poacher, ignorant, but of marvelous skill and cleverness. The second, which appeared July 22, showed how, having conquered an education, he overcame a formidable strike, and by amazing forcefulness won a partnership in a mill. The fourth of these stories will appear in the August 31st number.**

spare hand. "And your daughter's just as bad. I've got evil companions and that's a fact—and I love 'em."

The streets outside were empty, the night air was cool and sweet, and the dogs made most efficient company. They passed to the outskirts of Bradford at a smart walk, and then Tom broke into a trot. "I don't wonder," he said to himself, "that men commit suicide if they live all their lives in towns and stew up in offices. Why do they do it? Just to make money? If they only knew the trick, they'd make twice as much if they cleared their heads from all thoughts of it just now and again."

The dogs, with the poaching instinct strong in them, were for making excursions to this side of the road or to that whenever a rabbit tempted them. But Tom had a bit of coursing in view, and kept them strictly to heel. "We'll just see if Mr. Bentley Fletcher's farm carries as many hares as he said it did, and we'll test the capabilities of that foreman he bragged about."

But keen though he made his lookout, Tom got tripped that morning from a quarter he little expected. He was watching for watchers from the farm: the most improbable coincidence of another practitioner also poaching the hares had not entered his calculations. Still, such was the person who accosted him; a big, straggling red-haired man who extracted himself from a convenient ditch, and brought with him a brindled greyhound on a leash.

"Morning," said this personage. "When I see thy dogs first of all, I thought 'appen it was ode Fletcher himself or some of his friends he had sold a leave to. So I got me to cover. But when I see it was nobbut ye, Tom, I made out ye were having a bit of cheap sport, like mysel'."

Now, Tom was not uppish since he had made his way to prosperity. He was just as familiar as ever with his old friends, even though some of them worked for him; and according to the habit of the country he was much more frequently spoken of as Tom than as Mr. Thompson. Moreover, he was generous, as a rule, and liked to share his pleasures and his successes with others. In one thing only was he selfish, and that was over his sport. On his own hired moor he asked other guns, but never went out with them. Sitting in a butt to shoot driven grouse did not attract him in the very least. He always shot over dogs himself, and invariably went alone. And through all his poaching career he had made his raids lone-handed. The absence of the rest of his species was the essence of his enjoyment.

"I'll run thd' a course or two, Tom; my dog agin orther o' thine, just for an odd pint."

"They'd be no use. They've only learnt to work alone. 'Twouldn't be fair on them to try. Besides, they've both about run their fill. I've gathered seven couple, and there's a tidy handful of hares they missed for all their cleverness."

"Always plenty hares on this ground if you don't work it too hard. I always think, when I take one, how Fletcher Bentley must have grudged that old hare her feed. I worked for him as a warehouseman for seventeen year, and never heard that he'd so much as ever given away the value of a fill of 'bacca. Terrible keen chap, old Fletcher. He nearly capped me last Sunday afternoon."

"*Sst*," said Tom, and effaced himself into the ditch. His two dogs came quickly afterward, and the red-haired man with the brindled greyhound made no delay in following.

"Fletcher's foreman," whispered the red-haired man with a grin. "He's bid him watch this ground carefully because he wants to let t' shooting to thee. The foreman told me hissen' that Fletcher had written that to him in a letter. Where did you hide yon sack of hares? Will he leet on it?"

"That's stowed away safe enough under a culvert. Come, we'd better move along, or we shall have that foreman stepping down on top of us."

"I'm thinking a bit of a snack would not come amiss," said the red-haired man when at last they stepped out of the trees.

"I've rare hunger on me, too. Come along."

The red-haired man cached his hares, with the exception of one, in a rabbit hole by the wayside, which was discreetly shaded by a clump of gorse; and then the pair of them got off the road into the stream bed, and made their way to the quarry.

At first there was no appearance of tenancy. The quarry was overgrown with bush and grass, and from the tints of its strata it was plain that stone had not been delved from there during a generation. But the red-haired man set his hands to the edge of a great flag and heaved it up, and displayed to view the wood ashes of many fires. He rather stammered over admitting his tastes. "There's times comes to me," he said wistfully, "when I can't fancy my victuals under a roof. Sometimes it's i' rain, sometimes it's i' shine, but I always have to come here for my cure. I suppose there's nothing bonny about the place, but there's a rare nice smell comes from them pines 'round here, and for the rest, the tinkle of the ghyll makes plenty of company. I suppose I must be a bit soft i' my head to like things like these."

"I hope not," said Tom, "because I'm very much that way myself."

"Well, I make you very welcome then." He pulled from his pocket the carcass of the leveret, warm and limp, and threw it on the ground. "They tell me you can cook; here's meat. I'll gather wood, and kindle the fire."

Tom cleaned the leveret and spread it open. He crimped it delicately with his knife, larding it with strips of liver. In the meanwhile the fire, under the red-haired man's tutelage, crackled merrily on the ash-heap, and burned off its smoke; and presently on a green-wood grill the barbecue was giving up a savory incense such as Tom's soul loved.

"A fine fat 'un, she was," said the red-haired man, watching the grill admiringly. "Hadn't time to get cold and

"Who'd speak to you in the street?"

tough, either, before we cooked her, so she'll be tender as though she'd been hanging a fortnight. I wish old Fletch could see us eating one of his hares, that's lived on his land, and just feel that he's as good as giving it to us. It hurts Fletcher Bentley as much as having a tooth pulled to think of anybody getting something of his without paying brass for it." He went to another part of the quarry and upheaved another flag, beneath which a flat, brown-stone bottle lay neatly hidden. "Here's ale, lad. There's some that takes milk to their breakfasts, and some water, and some tea, but give me good, solid ale."

They discussed such matters whilst the grill was preparing; ate, when it reached perfection, with gusto and appetite; drank home-brewed beer, and then sat back for a smoke.

"It's a queer thing about Fletcher Bentley," said the red-haired man, squinting at a glowing stick which he had clapped against the bowl of his pipe.

"Oh, let's drop him for a bit," said Tom, stretching luxuriously.

"That's more than he seems to do by you."

"Why, how do you mean?"

"I'm forever hearing at the warehouse little games he's on against Thompson & Asquith."

"Well, Thompson & Asquith seem able to take care of themselves, and maybe can make him sit up a bit in return."

"I've heard tell ye never wanted for confidence in yourself, Tom, whether it was a dog-fight ye were backing or a wool deal you were thronged wi'. But you'll get copped one of these days. Old Fletch is giving ye a heap more thought and attention than you think about. It's perhaps news to you that he's studying over you Sundays?"

"Ah, is he?"

The red-haired man chuckled. "Perhaps you'll not know, but it's his habit to walk over his farm here Sundays. Well, last Sunday, as ever was, I found myself trying a course here as I been telling you. Dog had just run into t' hare, and I was taking her from him, when up comes Fletch on t' other side o' t' hedge, humming the Old Hundredth as melancholy as you please. I couldn't run: there was nowhere to run to. But there was a gate in the hedge just beyond, and a bit of a brig in front of it to carry a cart across t' dyke. Well, I claps mysen and t' dog under yon brig as quick as you could think, and I mind that there was a good sup o' water there to keep us from getting warm and flustered.

"Well, thinks I, it's not for long. But wait a bit. Fletch comes nearer, and I heard him start the Old Hundredth a second time—'A-ll peo-ple that on ear-th do-oo dwe-ll'—and then there was a squeak of the gate as he leaned his arms on top rail. But he didn't come through. Be hanged if he didn't get out a pen and begin writing. I could hear the scratch of it, and you know he always carries an inkpot in his waistcoat pocket. Well, thinks I, if he's making poetry, the Lord grant him quick inspiration, or I shall catch cramp and rheumatiz cowered here in three feet of cold water.

"But there was no hurry about Fletcher last Sunday afternoon. There was a fine sunshine, and he stayed to enjoy it. *Scratch-scratch* went his pen. *Drone-drone* went the Old Hundredth. And thinks I, he knows I'm below in t' water here, and he's keeping me there out of sheer wickedness. That's where his humor comes in. Many a time I was for crawling out, and taking what he chose to give me. But t' dog stood it without a whimper, and if a delicate dog like a greyhound could stay there, I wasn't going to be less of a man.

"However, at last the old man stalled of his job and went off, still *drone-droning* at his tune, and I crawled out pretty nearly frozen stiff. I was fit to swear with aching, but I couldn't but laugh to think how he'd made me pay for that hare. On the grass of the brig, below the gate, were some crumpled up bits of paper, and thinks I (with the poetry still strong in my head), these'll be verses he's spoilt; and so I straightened them out to have a look at his style. But there was no poetry there. It seems he'd been only idling, and, so to speak, practicing with his pen. He just been writing your name, Tom, and your firm's name, 'Thompson & Asquith,' over and over again. Not a bit like his usual writing, either. Looked as if he'd been practicing a new style of hand."

"Queer sort of amusement," said Tom. "What did you do with the specimens—throw them away?"

"Nay, lad," said the red-haired man, diving a hand into his pocket. "I've most of them here wi' me. A piece of paper's always useful for pipe-lights."

Tom took the papers and looked at them with an unmoved face. "Silly old fool he must be to waste his time like this. But I suppose he felt dull that Sunday afternoon, with nothing but the farm and the Old Hundredth to amuse him. D'ye want these?"

"I'll swap them for a couple of hares," said the red-haired man, who had an eye to a bargain.

"All right," said Tom cheerfully. "There's a bag of hares under a culvert——" And he described the place. "You can keep the change. Now I'll be getting back to Bradford. It's half-past five, and I must look sharp if I'm not going to be late for business." Upon which he got up and went off whistling, with the two dogs trotting dutifully at his heels.

The machinelike Hophni was at the mill wrapped in routine when he got there. Hophni seldom made suggestions nowadays, but he carried them out finely. Tom proceeded to prove that his night in the open air had not been wasted commercially. He took up a drawing-board and started to work out some diagrams.

"Now," he said to Hophni, "what do you make of that?"

That thin, sallow person saw the idea at once, and appreciated its value. "That's a splendid notion, and there's a lot of money in it. Looms making that would earn us as much as a hundred per cent. But they'd have to be specially built. And then, lad, we've got no room to put them."

"Haven't we looms in that shed that are not earning more than twenty per cent.? What about breaking them up?"

"But they are not more than a year old, and there's ten years' wear in them yet. Twenty per cent.'s not bad profit."

"Nowhere near good enough for me. When we've got looms not earning more than fifty, Hophni, you break them up, and I'll design you something new that will bring us in a profit worth calling a profit. Fifty per cent.'s all right for some people, but, for me, I much prefer a hundred, and some of these fine days, when the race tails out a bit, you'll see who is left in front. It doesn't do to stick to one line of goods, Hophni, however high class they may be. Get a line, skim the cream off it, chuck it, and find another. We'll let the sleepy ones lap up the skim milk we leave."

"They won't thank you for that."

"No, they'll take it and grumble. If they'd sense they'd find out what the public will want a year hence, and then make it ready for the time when the public finds out its wish. That's good business, and that's what you get high prices for, and that's our business. It's the only difference there is in this manufacturing trade, between making a fortune and making a living. And a fortune's about good enough for us, Hophni, eh? Only it's got to come quick and big, so as to leave time in life for other things. Well, good-by, lad. Keep the desk pushed into your stomach, and don't spare the ink. It's lucky for the pair of us that an office is your idea of bliss."

Tom went out to a machine-shop then, where they were making an experimental model for him, and spent some time sketching, explaining, joking and blarneying, and finally took off his coat at a fitter's bench and made one of the parts himself as a simple way of avoiding further verbal demonstration. And it was not till after that, and eleven o'clock had boomed out from the Parish Church clock, that he found leisure to remember certain papers in his pocket, and took up Mr. Fletcher Bentley into his mind again.

He washed his hands, dusted his coat and trousers—he was always very natty about his personal appearance—and set off through the streets to that merchant's office; and when he arrived there was presently asked by a clerk if he could manage to wait for half an hour.

"Far too busy," said Tom. "Sha'n't keep Mr. Bentley long. Tell him I've merely come about a signature. Say it's a matter connected with a gate on his farm. Now, get a hurry on you, boy, or you'll never be more than a drudge all your days."

Tom was shown into the private office with promptitude after that, and found Fletcher Bentley, with a ghastly face, pulling at the tops of his satyr-like ears.

"H'm," said Tom, looking at him. "No reason to go into too many explanations with you. I see you understand my business already. But there's one thing I'm surprised at, and that's that a man of your tastes should be so unutterably careless with valuable documents. But then I suppose it is the great trait of criminals always to make some fatal blunder in their plans."

"Criminal! Mr. Thompson, you must not use a word like that. I've done nothing criminal."

"H'm. It's a nice point. Your plea is, I suppose, that you haven't forged: you were merely practicing forgery?"

Mr. Bentley took a brace on his nerves. It might be possible to bluster out of the mess yet—except that Tom was an awkward young man to bluster with. However, he tried it. "Where are your proofs? What have you got to show?"

Tom slapped down the papers of sample signatures on to a table. "These are all that are left. The rest were used up as pipe-lights. But I think you'll agree that quite enough remain over for all practical purposes. They're good enough to deceive the bank. They're good enough to deceive Mr. Asquith or me. They're just on the high-water mark of forgery."

"But why do you saddle them on me? What proof have you? Pooh, none!"

"Don't you remember Sunday down at the farm, when you hummed away at the Old Hundredth, and leaned on a gate of the thirty-acre seed field, and wrote with a scratchy pen, and dipped for ink in a bottle you carry in your waistcoat pocket? You've got the ink-bottle there now, I see. Well, there was a wooden bridge over the dyke in front of your gate, and under the bridge was a poacher and his dog waiting till the coast was clear. They were squatting there in the water, and the man said you kept them a plaguy long time. It was he that picked up the papers. He thought you were composing hymns or something. When he found it was merely my name, and the name of my firm, he sold the papers to me for a trifle."

"So he knows, too?"

"He knows exactly that you wrote out the signatures, recognized that the handwriting was not your usual one, but drew no deduction. He'll not accuse you of forgery; and indeed he'll not talk about the matter, unless I make him, as he has reasons of his own for keeping quiet; but if there's any question of a forgery case you can see he would be a very important witness."

"There is no question of forgery. I've forged nothing. I may have had something in my mind, but that cannot be proved. I was simply amusing myself—idling away an afternoon. There is no crime in that."

Tom dropped a heavy fist on to the table. "Now, look here. If I go on 'Change now and show that paper 'round, and then write an explanation underneath and frame it and hang it in our office, where would your business be after this dinner-time? Where'd you be? Who'd speak to you in the street? Who'd sit next to you in your chapel? They tell me you've a fine book collection. Well, you ought to be proud of it, because I believe books would be the only thing in the world which wouldn't turn on you once you were shown up."

Mr. Fletcher Bentley stared at the empty fireplace with a face gray as that of a corpse. All the life had gone out of his voice. "This spells ruin for me if you persist in making the worst of my little—exercise."

Tom was almost ashamed of himself for his hardness. But he was not a man who neglected his own interests for a mere sentiment. His main motto was, "Thomas Thompson has got to get on!"—and if any one put hindrances in the way of this, after being warned a decent number of times, that person must submit to being scorched. So he said grimly enough: "I intend to stop your little games now and for always. I shall keep this paper in my safe as long as you behave yourself. But the next time I have trouble with you I'll show it up. That's point the first."

"And now for money. You'll want money? You're going to blackmail me?"

Tom's jaw looked very ugly. "Now, there you're wrong. Money I want, and mean to get. But not your money; not dirty money. I've a nicety about the kind of money I condescend to touch that would perhaps surprise you. But as I know nothing will prick you nearly enough unless there's a good thumping fine to ram it home, I'm going to bleed you in another way. You've never given away a penny in your life, and it's time you began. So you'll just hand out £10,000 a year for the next three years for matters that Bradford and the people here stand in need of."

"£10,000 a year!"

"Oh, it won't ruin you by any means. But I hope it will make you remember."

"But what am I to give it for? What's wanted?"

"Well, you're not likely to know at present. You've been too much out of touch with the town charities all your life. But, as a beginning, we'll say you shall build a church. You can put up a very nice one with your first £10,000. And after that you won't find any trouble. Once you get the reputation of being a giving man you will have plenty of applications. You have been let alone for far too long."

"But a church! I couldn't!"

"If you don't make arrangements for getting that started within the next month I'll call on you again and make it two churches. The town's growing fast, and can do with them. Now, that's all I've got to say at present. I'm busy, and have a lot of other things to see to, and I dare say you'll be pleased enough to see the back of me. Only take my tip, and don't force me to come school-mastering over you again, or you'll find it more expensive next time."

It is almost ludicrous to look back on the subsequent career of Mr. Fletcher Bentley. The church was built, and to a certain extent it was endowed. Other magnificent presents followed. The man who had lived for fifty years without ever doing a kindly action to any living creature suddenly became a famous philanthropist. His colossal monument of meanness, the building of a lifetime, was overturned, destroyed, forgotten. Every charity looked to him for help, and got it in lavish abundance. If ever a man was bitten with the mania for charity that man was Mr. Fletcher Bentley. His means were large, but he went far beyond them. The original yearly dole of £10,000 for three years was far outstripped. Tom once ventured on a friendly hint that the matter of the signatures might now be looked upon as forgotten, but he was waved impatiently aside. The man toiled mercilessly at his business as a merchant to make more money—to give away in charity. His books, that marvelous collection of fine editions and sumptuous bindings that had been the love of a lifetime, were sold—to make money for the charities. The house that had held them was sold also, and Mr. Bentley went elsewhere to live in humbler style.

Even London heard of his princely generosity, and Government, after its fashion, offered a knighthood. But there was no Sir Fletcher Bentley. There has to be a search into a man's bank account before these honors are given, and the philanthropist was found to be too poor. He had given away so much that he could not come up to the low pecuniary standard necessary for even that dignity. And in the end, when he died, he had very little but a reputation for tremendous generosity to leave behind him.

Bradford looked upon him as one of her principal benefactors. Bradford also to-day honors Mr. Thompson for many vast acts of philanthropy, but it has never guessed that it has to thank him also for the distributions of the late Mr. Fletcher Bentley. And as for the red-haired man, who was also a *deus ex machinâ*, he has dropped entirely out.

# Footnotes to a "Literary Life"—By Opie Read

## II—On the Journey

If, as Goldsmith said, "Premature consolation is but a remembrancer of sorrow," the memory of a sorrow is sometimes a pleasure. The Nashville Evening Mail was a sorrow. Looking back I can see no reason why the paper should have been started, and I know that it is remembered with pleasure because it died so long ago. "O Jove!" supplicated a poet, "grant to me something sweeter than all essences;" and Jove made answer: "I will grant unto thee time, the sweetener of all bitter things." But in those days when came a John, preaching aspiration in the wilderness of ambition, there were many reasons why the Evening Mail should have been printed. They were perfumed and tied with pink ribbons, these reasons—rosebuds worn upon hopeful hearts. Heigho! The paper lived three months. I wonder why so many newspapers with which I have been connected have lived only three months. Was it a sort of cholera infantum? One morning a man came. He said that he was the sheriff, but we knew that he was the undertaker; and he tacked an inscription upon the coffin-lid of our hope, and with bowed heads we walked out from the death chamber. Our devoted force, the bright paragrapher, the scholarly editorial writer, the astute critic—all, drifted whither the wind listed; and I turned my face westward, with Memphis radiant upon a distant hilltop of my mind. My possessions consisted of three shirts and an unabridged dictionary which I had won as a prize for the best essay on a farmer's almanac, published somewhere in Massachusetts. I did not send the essay to the publishers. It was stipulated that I should print it, and of the valuable newspaper it took up three columns. Then I thought that the book was a reward of literary merit; afterward it broke upon me that it was but for a spread of meagre payment for a belonging glazed gripsack I set forth afoot. I felt that the conventional pilgrim-age of letters demanded a Greek Testament, buttoned tight against the breast, and that no wayfarer of the literary past was known to trudge with a ten-pound Webster in a bag. But I was the journalism of the present and not the literature of the past. And besides I could not have availed myself of the subtle delicacies of a Greek Testament. Beneath an oak whose shade they said was classic I had mauled old Homer till he cried for mercy, but I had forgotten all his accents save the galloping of the horses, and this had been fastened on my mind by a yearning to join the cavalry of a whirlwind on horseback known as Forrest.

At a little town that boasted of having once been raided by the James brothers I halted, and, in imitation of my old friend Warren, decided to "establish" a newspaper. I got as far as the prospectus when a man was hanged on the public square. This withdrew the mind of the community from my enterprise, and I strode on, leaving the citizens to discuss their new enlightenment. That was the first time I had been brought face to face with the fact that the hanging of a man can be regarded as a great intellectual development.

After a few more days of uncertain meal hours I halted at a log-house in the woods. The lord of the manor was kindly, even courteous, and told me that if I would clean out his well, a hole fifty feet deep, he would board me during the time. I offered him my prize dictionary. He looked at it, examined the binding, and, shaking his head, remarked: "Wall, I don't believe this here luther is strong enough to make shoe-strings." And so my offer was rejected. Then I accepted his proposition. About the house I noticed the ugliest creature that sunshine ever mocked or darkness ever screened. Caliban would have called her his sister and then would have fled. When spoken to she grunted like a hog. When she laughed it was the noise of a hyena cracking a bone. On the third morning after my arrival the lord of the manor came to me and said, "Well, you are it."

"How so? What do you mean?"

"Wall, you was the fust one to pass under the jay bird's head."

"I don't understand."

"No? Hain't you hearn about it? Hump! You see, with us we have a law that mout seem strange to folks that live away off yander. But it has been in fo'ce so long around here that it is nachul to us all, an' thar ain't no gittin' away frum it. It's thiser way: Whenever a gal wants to git married she takes the head of a jay bird and puts it over the door, and the fust single man that passes under it has to marry 'er. Liza, thar, put up a jay bird's head, an' this mornin' you passed under it, an' you'll have to marry 'er accordin' to the law."

"What, marry that horrible thing!"

"Look here, my son, don't call your futer wife a horrible thing. It ain't polite. Come, better change yo' shirt, I reckon, while I go and fetch the preacher an' the boys that wants to see the weddin'. An' lemme tell you—don't let thar be any hangin' back, fur ef thar is the boys mout string you up. Wall, you can go out thar in the kitchin' an' sorter finish up yo' courtship while I'm gone."

He went out and I took to my heels, throwing aside my dictionary to lighten my load. I must have run five miles, and then staggered on at least five more before there came the courage to halt. Into a cross-roads store I went and dropped down exhausted. Taken for a plow hand on some adjoining farm, no attention was paid to me; and I was deaf to all sounds till I heard a man say: "Old Zeb tells me that he's got another feller at his house to have fun with. You know that half squaw he's got over there. W'enever a young feller comes along and stops with Zeb he tells him a story about a law and the head of a jay bird, and the marryin' of the squaw as a penalty for walkin' under the jay's head, and then he goes out and climbs a tree to see the feller run. It's about as funny a thing as you'd——"

I sneaked out.

A dark night came and with it a downpour of rain. Nowhere was there a light. The dark ages had returned with no glimmer from the cell of the monk. It was that blackness that makes one feel as if he is about to run against something—a night when you'd be afraid of falling off a prairie. I lost the railroad track and an hour passed before it was found. The darkness grew heavier—smothering. An owl hooted in my ear, and a night-hawk gave me a shivering shriek. Suddenly a gleam shot me in the eye—a needle-ray of light, piercing across a field of gloom. Toward the gleaming eye I stumbled, through a ditch and a patch of briers, floundering now in plowed ground, sinking to the knees in the soft earth. In my face the rain beat; in my ears was the cry of the night-bird. From a needle the light became a spear, then a shaft, and now I was at the door of a cabin. I knocked, and slowly the door was dragged open, grating heavily upon the floor, and there stood a fat woman holding a hog-grease lamp high above her head. She said nothing though I stood under the pour from the roof. Then I thought of a bit of sarcasm, and I said: "Madam, may I stand in your orchard until it stops raining?"

"We ain't got no orchard, but pap he 'lows to set out one next spring," she replied, shutting the door and leaving me alone under the drip and pour of the eaves. Again I knocked and again she opened the door.

"Madam, may I come in?"

"Sure. Why didn't you say what you wanted at fust?"

She moved aside and I entered the cabin. In front of the empty fireplace sat two boys and an old man. They grunted and were silent. Hungry, I waited for a sign of supper, but there was none. I wanted to be social, but this family was exclusive. Of the weather I spoke and the old man grunted, and a remark upon the darkness of the night brought only a grunt from the boys. An idea shot across my mind, another ray of light in the darkness; and I began to tell them a story of adventure on the plains, breaking loose from a stake, stabbing an Indian chief—finally saved by the chief's daughter. But in the midst of another recital I broke off.

"Go on," said the old man.

"Tell on," demanded the boys.

"Fur pity's sake let us hear how it all turned out," the old woman insisted.

"Yes, I should like to, but I am in something of a hurry. I must go down the road a piece and get something to eat."

"Oh, eat with us."

"Well—all right."

—"don't let thar be any hangin' back"

Out into the darkness the old woman stretched her hand, snatched a chicken off the roost, swiped off its feathers, and within a few minutes had it frying in the kitchen. I sniffed the incense of corn bread, browning—I heard the ripple of buttermilk, pouring. But the old man and the boys wouldn't let me stop talking. "Tell on," demanded the boys, punching me in the side. "Supper is ready," said the dear old lady, appearing in the doorway. And to the table the boys followed me, one on each side, and every time I'd stop talking they would punch me and say, "Tell on." With my mouth full of corn bread and shanghai I talked, and whenever I ceased long enough to swallow the punch would come. "Tell on." After supper I reviewed Ned Buntline, with our old friend Buffalo Bill; and him exhausted I turned to Leon Lewis—Red Knife, or Kit Carson's Last Trail; and the old man worked his finger as if pulling a trigger and the boys sat with eyes dancing. Would bedtime never come? At last the old woman spread a pallet upon the floor, and gratefully I stretched myself upon it, but a boy took his place on each side of me, and an instant of silence would bring a punch and the command: "Tell on." Into the depths of sleep I talked, my mind wearily wandering, but they would bring it back with a punch: "Tell on, here. What's the matter with you?" Was a dawn ever so lagging? With the first sign of day I got up. "Won't you stay to breakfast?" the old man asked as I staggered toward the door.

"No, I thank you. I am in something of a hurry."

Out into the "broad-bosomed air" I plunged—head bowed—on a turkey trot, but the boys galloped on each side of me—punch—"Tell on." Into a bayou I leaped, swam across, looked back. The boys were not in sight, but presently one of them popped his head above the water and shouted: "Dad blame you, why don't you tell on?"

The day was gloomy and night fell with a drizzle of rain. I came to a small town, hearing but one light, that of a switch engine, stewing on the side-track, seeking an opportunity to run over a drunken man. I found a narrow flight of steps leading up into musty darkness; I felt my way into a hall, fumbled along, found a door and boldly opened it. Ah, I could make no mistake in that atmosphere—it was a police court-room. On a desk I found a candle, lighted it, stretched myself upon a bench and in my notebook wrote a sketch entitled, A Cross-Tie Pilgrimage.

The next morning, borrowing a stamp and an envelope from a man who was willing to trust a stranger, I sent my "maiden effort" to a New York Sunday paper. "If you accept this please send whatever you think right to me at Bolivar, Tennessee," I said in a note.

And then a fear fell upon me. I had written for daily papers, was called a first-rate lynching man; I had poured five brevier pages into the Ladies' Rocking-Chair, and had been deeply moved when the editor thanked me, but this was the first time that I had written for money. And suppose—no, it would be a crime not to send it, I was in such need. And how novel was the position into which I thus had forced myself—the chills and fevers of fear and hope. I had reached out and upon Bolivar had hung a wreath. With my mode of traveling—not being in a hurry—I argued that it would take me two weeks to reach the place—two weeks of a new and expectant life. Night after night, sleeping in the fields, I dreamed of entering the town, with the sun in my eyes; and toward me came the postmaster, with outstretched hand. "Let me congratulate you. The paper has accepted your delightful sketch. Come home and take dinner with me. My daughter is the belle of this town and I want her to meet you."

"My kind sir," said I to a man who came walking along the railroad, "will you tell me how far it is to Bolivar?"

"Three miles."

"Thank you. Can I do anything for you?"

He shied off to one side and, keeping pace with a bounding heart, I hastened onward. At a bridge over a river was this sign: "No one permitted to cross this bridge." The letters were in cast-iron and so was the rule, no doubt, but I started across, keeping my eye on a watchman dozing at the other end. When a little more than half-way over I saw the watchman straighten up, and wheeling about I started back. "Come here!" he cried. "Think you can slip past me, do you? I saw you all the time." Afraid to appear glad I muttered and passed him.

And there was the dome of the court-house with the sun shining upon it. It was noontime and the tavern bells were ringing. A mail train had just arrived and I saw the business men of the town going to the post-office to get the New York story papers. Not wishing to intrude I waited until every man got his mail. At last, the town having been served, I went in. The postmaster did not meet me. Through a hole he looked at me.

"Is there a letter here for me?"

He looked at me. "Letter for you? Why, you must think you are known all over the world."

I had forgotten to tell my name. But I gasped it out and he began to look over a pack of letters, dealing the cards of hope. Nervously I waited. There were only three more letters—and he threw one of them to me, and upon the envelope was the New York stamp. Open I ripped it, trembling, and there was a check for six dollars, and my eyes were blind.

"Well, what else do you want?"

"Nothing. I—er—can you cash this check? I am a stranger. You can see by this letter that it's all right."

I passed over the check and the letter. "Well, I reckon it's all right enough. Indorse the check."

"I—I told you I was a stranger and I don't think I can get any indorsers."

"What, can't you write your name across the back of it?"

"Oh, is that what you call indorsing? Once be enough?"

He gave me six dollars, and touching the ground only in high places I walked about in the golden light.

## Post-Office

"What, can't you write your name across the back of it?"

In this town of Bolivar a paper was published, and I heard its editorials thundering as I went up the stairs. The editor wanted no literary work, but he wanted some one to set type, so after my brief literary career, I found myself at the "case." The editor, being a gentleman, permitted me to contribute to his sheet, and I was setting up a thing "out of my head" when a lawyer from across the hall came into the room. "Why, where is your copy?" he asked, and a mischievous fib popped into my mind. "There's the copy on the hook."

"But how can you set it up and it hanging over there?"

"I have read it over once and that's all I need to do."

"You don't mean to tell me that you can read a thing over once and then set it in type without looking at it again?"

"Yes, that's what I am doing."

"Why, that beats anything I ever saw. Say, Judge, come in here a minute," and when an old gentleman entered the lawyer explained to him. "Wonderful!" he declared, shaking his head. "Tell Doctor Horn to come in here."

The doctor, a wise old gentleman, came in, and marveled with the lawyer and the judge. "Why don't you study law?" said the judge.

"Well, it wouldn't be any use. I can't stay long in any one place."

"Why so?"

"Well, the water gives out on me—gets so I can't drink it, and I have to move on somewhere else. Can't stand it more than three months and I have only a narrow strip of territory left, and when that is used up I don't know what I'll do."

"Doctor," said the judge, "did you ever hear of a case like that?"

The doctor was the wisest man in the community. It was no time to fall down. "Oh, there are a few—a very few such cases," said he. "I remember treating one in Missouri—peculiar condition of the stomach known as tregenderogus, and for it we have found no specific. But without self-laudation I may say that I can materially prolong the young man's stay in our neighborhood."

Upon this strange disease I was requested to read a paper before the Eclectic Society, which I did, and young women gave me their sympathy. About three months later I received a letter from my old friend Warren telling me of a community in Arkansas that was ripe for a newspaper, and I informed the good people of Bolivar that the water had at last given out. Throughout the neighborhood I had made a reputation as a writer, having written a story for a well-known Eastern story paper. It was not printed. It came back; but the editor, in a polite note which he had taken the trouble to print on a slip of paper, thanked me cordially for having reposed such confidence in him, and this attention on the part of a literary stranger made me many friends. The lawyer, the judge, the doctor, society and the village brass band went with me to the railway station, and from the rear platform I waved the town a good-by. I wonder how long ago that was—and I wonder if little children in Bolivar have ever been told of a liar known to their fathers. But in those days it was a hard thing to run a country newspaper with one hand and deal out truth with the other. To that place I must go again. The waters of this life have no doubt "given out on" the old doctor, but I hope that roses bloom upon his grave. No doubt the judge was long since judged—and I hope that if I should be so fortunate as to be admitted into the domain of the saints—I hope that the judge will not look surprised and say, "Hallo! how did you get in here?"

**Editor's Note—This is the second of three papers by Mr. Read. The last in the series will appear next week.**

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

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IT TOOK the Constitution some time to catch up with the Flag in Porto Rico, but it finally got there.

THE inheritance tax law, recently enacted by a number of States, may have something to do with causing a thrifty man to wish to die poor.

THE watermelon has been officially declared a fruit instead of a vegetable, as some people once called it. Thus the Administration obtains a new hold on the colored vote.

A KIND-HEARTED editor proposes that pet cats and dogs be given decent burial. There are some people who want to sleep at night that would not object to contributing to start the cemeteries.

IT SEEMS that David B. Hill's platform, "I am a Democrat," is the only one that a member of that party can bank on at present if he has occasion to use a platform in different parts of the country.

ANY nation that tries to get its revenues out of American foods is playing a low trick on its people. It simply means that they eat less and pay more for it in order that the Government may have a larger army and bigger warships.

NEBRASKA reports a fall of hailstones as big as goose eggs. This is gratifying. We have heard so much of hailstones as big as walnuts and hens' eggs that an increase to keep up with the big achievements of these modern times is both prudent and consistent.

RATTLESNAKE stories are very much in vogue. As a rule they are pretty good stories—especially that one about the young violinist who saved his life from two rattlers by playing rag-time music to them. The veracious chronicler says that the snakes lay stunned.

GENERAL GOMEZ and Señor Palma have been throwing bouquets, each saying that the other ought to be the President of new Cuba. The same thing has been done in other countries, and at the last minute some unsuspected patriot has come forth from the floral exhibit with the precious persimmon.

### The Things that are Cæsar's

SHOULD the finding of the Court of Inquiry bear out the worst hopes of Admiral Schley's enemies, it is hard to see how Admiral Sampson will be benefited. For an opinion adverse to Schley could only result in the reapportioning of his share of the glory among the captains who took part in the Santiago fight. And a verdict confirming the almost universal belief in his bravery and competence would demand that those honors which are the just due of one who renders his country a conspicuous service be paid him. Titles and rewards are the gifts of Governments, but glory comes from the people. The first have been withheld from Schley too long if he be worthy; the second has been accorded him in too full measure if he be found wanting; for despite accusation and insinuation he has been and remains the popular hero of Santiago.

The country has always been willing to concede to Admiral Sampson everything that his best friends can justly claim for him—that he is a brave officer and an efficient executive; that he acquitted himself creditably in the blockade before Santiago, and that he would have covered himself with glory had he been among those present at the battle. These good and solid things are his beyond question, but no decree of court or department can give him the glory that is battle-won. For Sampson, like Sheridan, was far away when the fight began, but unlike Sheridan, his good steed, strong with the strength of ten thousand horse, could not bring him to the field of action in time to give him place in the twenty minutes' battle.

Because Sampson happened to be off chasing trivialities at that supreme and only moment in his life, when years of patient work would have culminated in a burst of glory, his too zealous friends have sought to belittle the battle itself and to magnify the importance of the blockade. Richard Harding Davis, bringing up the rear-guard of his followers, gives their contention in a sentence, smuggled into a short story, when he makes a reporter say: "He's put a combination lock on that harbor that can't be picked—and it'll work whether Sampson's asleep in his berth, or fifteen miles away, or killed on the bridge. He doesn't have to worry; he knows his trap will work—he ought to; he set it."

Granting all this, the real truth is that it is the cheers of the country, not a reputation for excellence in mathematics, which Sampson's friends want for him. But the people, unreasonably enough, perhaps, applaud the man who does the fighting, not the figuring. Nothing can detract from the credit due Sampson for his handling of the blockade, but nothing can put him a mile nearer the actual fighting, or give him the glory that belongs to the men who fought. It is impossible not to sympathize with Sampson, but sympathy for Sampson does not justify abuse of Schley. Both are men of high character and fine records. Admiral Schley, like Sampson, did gallant service as a young man in the Civil War. Schley, as well as Sampson, has given a good account of himself since the Civil War; he has done splendid service in various parts of the world, in the China Seas and in the Arctics. The testimony of the past is that he, like Sampson, is a man above cowardice. Let the Court, then, by a broad and public investigation, clear up the fog of crimination and recrimination that clouds the brilliance of a great achievement, and sullies alike the name and fame of two brave men whom the people would honor.

*Nature does not rest all summer to produce a big crop in the fall.*

### The Passing of War's Pomp

ACCORDING to news dispatches the British army authorities are about to order that in all coming wars and other manœuvres of troops such officers as are not mounted shall not carry swords. Instead, they shall carry carbines, which are useful in actual warfare, whereas the sword is, and long has been, of no possible use except to dismounted officers in the mêlée that follows a charge with fixed bayonets—a charge such as will never again be made unless the armies of the world resume the use of the old-fashioned, short-range firearms, which enabled the enemy to get within bayonet range before they could all be killed or wounded. Even in our Civil War, when bayonet charges were frequent, there were comparatively few infantry officers, no matter how brave, that ever had occasion to use the sword in battle, for the revolver was more effective for attack and self-protection. As to that, there were many effective cavalry regiments in which not one man in a hundred had ever used his sabre for the purpose for which it was designed.

But what is to become of the "pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war" if armies are to be divested of everything that is showy? Brilliant uniforms are no longer worn in the field, even by soldiers on general camp duty; line-officers' sashes have disappeared and epaulettes are seldom seen except on the shoulders of militia officers. In the South African war the British officers even covered or discolored their buttons, and carried and used rifles, so that the Boers might not distinguish them from their men, yet they fought no less bravely nor were they less obeyed and respected by Tommy Atkins. Gayly-colored braid and cord is still worn by army musicians, but in action these useful persons are generally kept in the rear of the fighting line, where they are inconspicuous. The "soul-stirring drum" is held in light esteem by military economists, for the bugle is quite competent to take its place without neglect of the bugle's own special duties. Many experienced soldiers believe that even regimental colors will never again be taken into action, for despite their sentimental significance and their service as a rallying point they are the favorite targets of the enemy's best marksmen, and so increase the chance of a regimental line being broken at its centre. They also lessen the fighting force of an army, for each color-bearer is a carefully selected man, and deserving of a better use than to be specially shot at while never being permitted to shoot. But, if all that is visibly attractive is to be banished from armies, what will be the effect upon the classes from which recruits are obtained? Probably fewer men will enlist through love of display, but this will mean fewer light-headed youths to desert at the first opportunity. Modern armies have become so frightfully costly that they cannot afford to accept any human material of doubtful quality, nor to maintain any old-time custom that can lessen their effectiveness. Our own little army, during almost a third of a century after the Civil War, set the example that foreign armies are beginning to follow. Serving mostly in the Indian country, the officers dressed plainly, became expert marksmen, fired as frequently as their men, and earned reputations as fighters, in distinction from mere passive bravery under fire. Very like them in action were the Boers, who had no swords, no sashes, no drums, no flags, nor even uniforms, yet long held their own against the greatest army that Great Britain ever put in the field.

*The great American dramatist and the great American novelist come to us every autumn, but somehow they seldom last through the winter.*

### The Man on the Inside

EVERY journalist and most readers of journals know the phrase, "an inside view." When some prominent citizen dies, or endows a college, or organizes a trust, or builds a racing yacht, the editors of the country begin searching for some one who knows him well enough "to do him from the inside;" some one who can take the public behind the scenes. You may, if you like, call the public a great Peeping Tom, or you may pat it on the back and say that it is displaying a natural wish to have its news authenticated. But the "inside view" is more important out of journalism than in it. The world is full of people who derive incalculable, and for the most part harmless, enjoyment from the fact that on some subject or other they have "an inside view." Of course, it is easy to see how pleasant it would be to be in the counsels of the Tsar of all the Russias, to share Mr. Pierpont Morgan's secrets, or to be the familiar friend of Mr. George Meredith. But it is something to know Mr. Edward Smith, who writes the reports of the ball games in your newspaper, to be intimate with the alderman from your ward, or to number the policeman at the corner among your acquaintances. It is soothing to the vanity to say that you dined last night with Sir Henry Irving. But it is also something to tell the lad next you in the gallery that you walked to the theatre in company with the man who is now on the stage shifting a chair and table in preparation for the performer of the next turn. And as you yourself are very possibly pitcher on a local nine, the super on the stage has very probably informed his fellow scene-shifters that you honored him with your companionship as far as the stage door.

The brightness which such simple snobbishnesses as these bring into life is by no means to be despised. The fact that we can all hope to be celebrities in little is an honest enough incentive. And the acquisition of the "inside view" means the gain of a certain amount of knowledge. It was a maxim of President Garfield—and doubtless has been of many another distinguished man—that you could meet no one during your whole course of life who did not know more on some subject than you did yourself. Your problem is to find the subject, and if the encounter is a casual and short one this requires no little tact and dexterity of mind. Your pride in your own great or little "inside view" is really a recognition that you have acknowledged a certain superiority in your friend, and that by your friendship you have made some of his treasures of wisdom your own. This is a rationale of lion-hunting which will allow us all to go on the chase with a clear conscience and redoubled ardor.

*People who eat onions always find plenty of excuses, but those who don't never care to hear them.*

### Lean Years and Fat

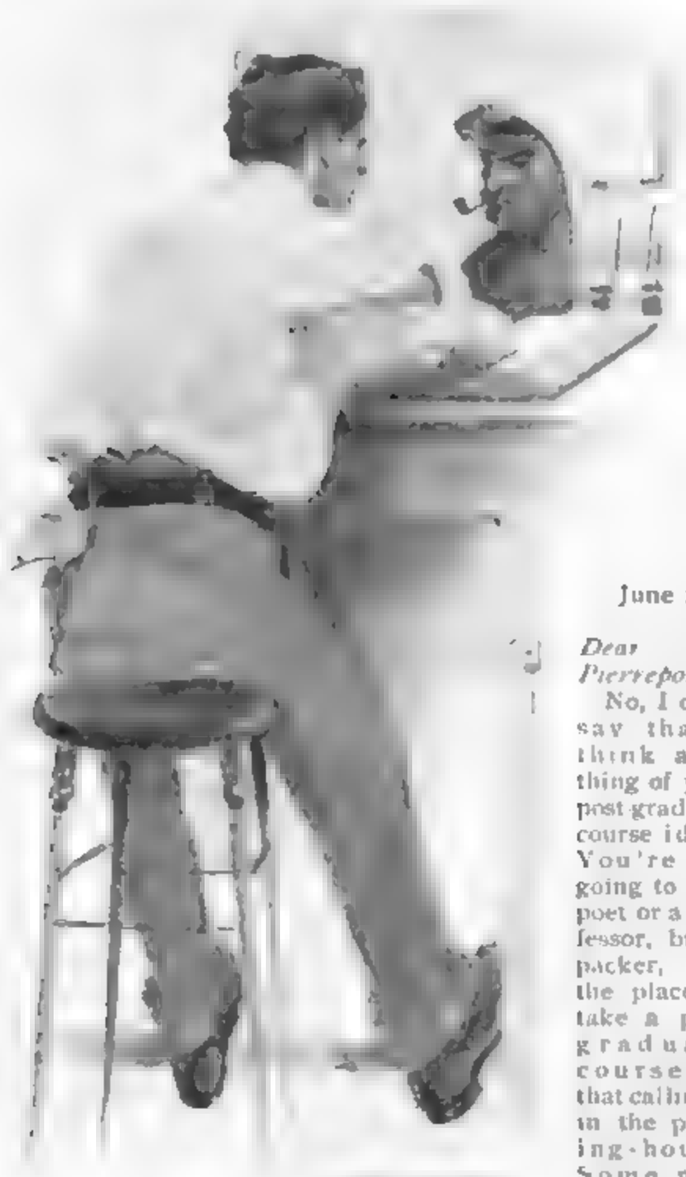
THE worst bit of home news that the United States has heard in several years is that continued drought has damaged the growing corn in some of the Western States.

But the West is full of people who are quick to learn and who have had serious lessons in lean years. Time was when the Western farmer was the most open-handed man in the world as long as his hand contained anything. Like every other American he longed to give his family anything they wanted, in addition to everything they needed; so in his fat years he paid out his hard earnings for pianos, Brussels carpets, silk dresses, jewelry, broadcloth coats and fashionable furniture, and when there was not money enough to do all he wished, he would give his note-of-hand, with a mortgage for security. When the lean years came he chewed the bitter cud of reflection or blamed some one other than himself—generally the impersonal entity called "the Government," or that other aggregation popularly known as "the money power." But in the last three or four years he has himself become part of the money power and has learned to respect himself in his new relation to the financial world.

The savings-banks statistics of some of the Western States compare favorably with some of those of the agricultural districts of the East, and the Western depositor gets higher rates of interest than his Eastern cousins. Farm mortgages have been extinguished at a rate that has excited the wonder and envy of Eastern farmers. Perhaps the individual farmer's bank balance may not be so large as the sum he hoped to earn from the crop that has been damaged, but most of us know by experience how much better, in a bad year, is a little cash than abundant credit.

So, even if the damage to crops has been as general as the published reports indicate, we are not likely to hear a repetition of the stories of suffering that were common in the last season of protracted drought and heat. On the contrary, it is extremely probable that the West will set a needed example to millions of Eastern people whom busy times and an easy money market have made as free-handed and improvident as if all coming years were to be fat years.

# Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son



### *From John Graham, in Chicago, to his son Pierrepont at Harvard*

June 1, 189–

*Dear Pierrepont:*

No, I can't say that I think anything of your post-graduate course idea. You're not going to be a poet or a professor, but a packer, and the place to take a post-graduate course for that calling is in the packing-house. Some men learn all they know from books, others from life; both kinds are narrow. The first are all theory; the second are all practice. It's the fellow who knows enough about practice to test his theories for blow-holes that gives the world a shove ahead, and finds a fair margin of profit in shoving it.

There's a chance for everything you have learned, from Latin to poetry, in the packing business, though we don't use much poetry except in our street-car ads., and about the only time our products are given Latin names is when the State Board of Health condemns them. But I think you'll find it safe to go short a little on the frills of education; if you want them bad enough you'll find a way to pick them up later, after business hours.

The main thing is to get a start along right lines, and that is what I sent you to college for. I didn't expect you to carry off all the education in sight—I knew you'd leave a little for the next fellow. But I wanted you to form good mental habits, just as I want you to have clean, straight physical ones. Because I was run through a threshing machine when I was a boy, and didn't begin to get the straw out of my hair until I was past thirty, I haven't any sympathy with a lot of these old fellows who go around bragging of their ignorance and saying that boys don't need to know anything except addition and the "best policy" brand of honesty.

We started in a mighty different world, and we were all ignorant together. The Lord let us in on the ground floor, gave us corner lots, and then started in to improve the adjacent property. We didn't have to know fractions to figure out our profits. Now a merchant needs astronomy to see them, and when he locates them they are out somewhere near the fifth decimal place. There are sixteen ounces to the pound still, but two of them are wrapping paper in a good many stores. And there's just as many chances for a fellow as ever, but they're a little gun shy, and you can't catch them by any such coarse method as putting salt on their tails.

Thirty years ago you could take an old muzzle-loader, and knock over plenty of ducks in the city limits, and Chicago wasn't Cook County then, either. You can get them still, but you've got to go to Kankakee and take a hammerless along. And when I started in the packing business it was all straight sailing—no frills—just turning hogs into hog meat—dry salt for the niggers down South and sugar-cured for the white folks up North. Everything else was sausage, or thrown away. But when we get through with a hog nowadays he's scattered through a hundred different cans and packages, and he's all accounted for. What we used to throw away is our profit. It takes doctors, lawyers, engineers and poets, and I don't know what, to run the business, and I reckon that improvements which call for parsons will be creeping in next. Naturally, a young man who expects to hold his own when he is thrown in with a lot of men like these must be clean and sharp as a hound's tooth, or some other fellow's simply going to eat him up.

The first college man I ever hired was old John Durham's son Jim. That was a good many years ago when the house was a much smaller affair. Jim's father had a lot of money till he started out to buck the universe and corner wheat. And the boy took all the fancy courses and trimmings at college. The old man was mighty proud of Jim. Wanted him to be a literary fellow. But old Durham found out what every one learns who gets his ambitions mixed up with number two red—that there's a heap of it lying around loose in the country. The bears did quick work and kept the cash wheat coming in so lively that one settling day half a dozen of us had to get under the market to keep it from going to everlasting smash.

That day made young Jim Durham a candidate for a job. It didn't take him long to decide that the Lord would attend to keeping up the visible supply of poetry, and that he had better turn his attention to the stocks of mess pork. Next morning he was laying for me with a letter of introduction when I got to the office, and when he found that I wouldn't have a private secretary at any price, he applied for every other position on the premises right down to office boy. I told him I was sorry, but I couldn't do anything for him then, that we were letting men go, but I'd keep him in mind and so on. The fact was that I didn't think a fellow with Jim's training would be much good, anyhow. But Jim hung on—said he'd taken a fancy to the house, and wanted to work for it. Used to call by about twice a week to find out if anything had turned up.

Finally, after about a month of this, he wore me down so that I stopped him one day as he was passing me on the street. I thought I'd find out if he really was so red-hot to work as he pretended to be; besides, I felt that perhaps I hadn't treated the boy just right, as I had delivered quite a jag of that wheat to his father myself.

"Hello, Jim," I called; "do you still want that job?"

"Yes, sir," he answered, quick as lightning.

"Well, I tell you how it is, Jim," I said, looking up at him—he was one of those husky, lazy-moving six-footers—"I don't see any chance in the office, but I understand they can use another good, strong man in one of the loading gangs."

I thought that would settle Jim and let me out, for it's no joke lugging beef, or rolling barrels and tierces a hundred yards or so to the cars. But Jim came right back at me with, "Done. Who'll I report to?"

That sporty way of answering, as if he were closing a bet, made me surer than ever that he was not cut out for a butcher. But I told him, and off he started hot-foot to find his foreman. I sent word by another route to see that he got plenty to do.

I forgot all about Jim until about three months later, when his name was handed up to me for a new place and a raise in pay. It seemed that he had sort of abolished his job. After he had been rolling barrels a while, and the sport had ground down one of his shoulders a couple of inches farther than the other, he got to scheming around for a way to make the work easier, and he hit on an idea for a sort of overhead railroad system, by which the barrels could be swung out of the storerooms and run right along into the cars, and two or three men do the work of a gang. It was just as I thought. Jim was lazy, but he had put the house in the way of saving so much money that I couldn't fire him. So I raised his salary, and made him an assistant timekeeper and checker. Jim kept at this for three or four months, until his feet began to hurt him, I guess, and then he was out of a job again. It seems he had heard something about a new machine for registering the men, that did away with most of the timekeepers except the fellows who watched the machines, and he kept after the Superintendent until he got him to put them in. Of course he claimed a raise again for effecting such a saving, and we just had to allow it.

I was beginning to take an interest in Jim, so I brought him up into the office and set him to copying circular letters. We used to send out a raft of them to the trade. That was just before the general adoption of typewriters, when they were still in the experimental stage. But Jim hadn't been in the office plugging away at the letters for a month before he had the writers' cramp, and began nosing around again. The first thing I knew he was sicking the agents for the new typewriting machine on to me, and he kept them pounding away until they had made me give them a trial. Then it was all up with Mister Jim's job again. I raised his salary without his asking for it this time, and put him out on the road to introduce a new product that we were making—beef extract.

Jim made two trips without selling enough to keep them working overtime at the factory, and then he came into my office with a long story about how we were doing it all wrong. Said we ought to go for the consumer by advertising, and make the trade come to us, instead of chasing it up.

That was so like Jim that I just laughed at first; besides, that sort of advertising was a pretty new thing then, and I was one of the old-timers that didn't take any stock in it. But Jim just kept plugging away at me between trips, until I finally took him off the road and told him to go ahead and try it in a small way.

Jim pretty nearly scared me to death that first year. At last he had got into something that he took an interest in—spending money—and he just fairly wallowed in it. Used to lay awake nights thinking up new ways of getting rid of the old man's profits. And he found them. Seemed as if I couldn't get away from Graham's Extract, and whenever I saw it I gagged, for I knew it was costing me money that wasn't coming back; but every time I started to draw in my horns Jim talked to me, and showed me where there was a fortune waiting for me just around the corner.

—put him out on the road to introduce a new product

Graham's Extract started out by being something that you could make beef tea out of—that was all. But before Jim had been fooling with it a month he had got his girl to think up a hundred different ways in which it could be used, and had advertised them all. It seemed there was nothing you could cook that didn't need a dash of it. He kept me between a chill and a sweat all the time. Sometimes, but not often, I just *had* to grin at his foolishness. I remember one picture he got out showing sixteen cows, or thereabouts, standing between something that looked like a letter press, and telling how every pound or so of Graham's Extract contained the juice squeezed from a herd of steers. If an explorer started for the North Pole Jim would send him a case of Extract, and then advertise that it was the great heat-maker for cold climates; and if some other fellow started across Africa he sent *him* a case, too, and advertised what a bully drink it was served up with a little ice.

He broke out in a new place every day, and every time he broke out it cost the house money. Finally, I made up my mind to swallow the loss, and Mister Jim was just about to lose his job sure enough, when the orders for Extract began to look up, and he got a reprieve; then he began to make expenses and he got a pardon; and finally a rush came that left him high and dry in a permanent place. Jim was all right in his way, but it was a new way, and I hadn't been broad-gauged enough to see that it was a better way.

That was where I caught the connection between a college education and business. I've always made it a rule to buy brains, and I've learned now that the better trained they are the faster they find reasons for getting their salaries raised. The fellow who hasn't had the training may be just as smart, but he's apt to paw the air when he's reaching for ideas.

I suppose you're asking why, if I'm so hot for education, I'm against this post-graduate course. But habits of thought ain't the only thing a fellow picks up at college.

I see you've been elected President of your class. I'm glad the boys aren't down on you, but while the most popular man in his class isn't always a failure in business, being popular takes up a heap of time. I noticed, too, when you were home Easter that you were running to sporty clothes and cigarettes. There's nothing criminal about either, but I don't hire sporty clerks at all, and the only part of the premises on which cigarette smoking is allowed is the fertilizer factory.

I simply mention this in passing. I have every confidence in your ultimate good sense, and I guess you'll see the point without my elaborating with a meat ax my reasons for thinking that you've got college enough for the present.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE FATHER

# CALUMET "K"—By Merwin-Webster

## A Romance of the Great Wheat Corner

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SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER

THE elevator was the place for the dinner, if only the mild weather that had followed the Christmas storm should continue—on that Bannon, Pete and Max were agreed. New Year's Day would be a holiday, and there was room on the distributing floor for every man who had worked an hour on the job since the first spile had been driven home in the Calumet clay. To be sure, most of the laborers had been laid off before the installing of the machinery, but Bannon knew that they would all be on hand, and he meant to have seats for them. But on the night of the thirtieth the wind swung around to the northeast, and it came whistling through the cracks in the cupola walls with a sting in it that set the weighers to shivering. And, as the insurance companies would have inquired curiously into any arrangement for heating that space on the tops of the bins, the plan had to be given up

As soon as the last of the grain was in, on the thirty-first, Max took a north-bound car and scoured South Chicago for a hall that was big enough. Before the afternoon was gone he had found it, and had arranged with a restaurant keeper to supply the dinner. Early the next morning the three set to work, making long tables and benches by resting planks on boxes, and covering the tables with pink and white scalloped shelf paper.

It was nearly ten o'clock when Max, after draping a twenty-four-foot flag in a dozen different ways, let it slide down the ladder to the floor and sat down on the upper round, looking out over the gridiron of tables with a disgusted expression. Peterson, aided by a man from the restaurant, was bringing in load after load of thick white plates, stacking them waist high near the door. Max was on the point of calling to him, but he recollected that Pete's eye, though quick with timbers, would not help much in questions of art. Just then Bannon came through the doorway with another flag rolled under his arm.

"They're here already, a couple of dozen of 'em," he said, as he dropped the flag at the foot of the ladder. "I've left James on the stairs to keep 'em out until we're ready. Better have an eye on the fire-escape, too—they're feeling pretty lively."

"Say," Max said abruptly, "I can't make this thing look anyhow. I guess it's up to you."

"Why don't you just hang them from the ceiling and then catch them up from pretty near the bottom—so they'll drape down on both sides of the windows?"

"I know," said Max, "but there's ways of making 'em look just right—if Hilda was here, she'd know——" He paused and looked down at the red, white and blue heap on the floor.

During this last week they had not spoken of Hilda, and Bannon did not know whether she had told Max. He glanced at him, but got no sign, for Max was gazing moodily downward

"Do you think," Bannon said; "do you think she'd care to come around?"

He tried to speak easily, as he might have spoken of her at any time before Christmas Day, but he could not check a second glance at Max. At that moment Max looked up, and as their eyes met, with an awkward pause, Bannon knew that he understood; and for a moment the impatience that he had been fighting for a week threatened to get away with him. He had seen nothing of Hilda, except for the daily "Good-morning," and a word now and then. The office had been besieged by reporters waiting for a chance at him; under-foremen had been rushing in and out; Page's representatives and the railroad and steamboat men had made it their headquarters. It may be that he would not have spoken in any case, for he had said all that he could say, and he knew that she would give him an answer when she could.

Max's eyes had dropped again.

"You mean for her to help fix things up?" he asked

Bannon nodded; and then, as Max did not look up, he said, "Yes."

"Why—why, yes, I guess she'd just as soon." He hesitated, then began coming down the ladder, adding, "I'll go for her."

Bannon looked over his shoulder—Pete was clattering about among the dishes.

"Max," he said, "hold on a minute."

Max turned and came slowly back.

Bannon had seated himself on the end of a table, and now he waited, looking down at the two rows of plates, and slowly turning a caster that stood at his elbow. What he finally said was not what Max was awaiting

"What are you going to do now, Max—when you're through on this job?"

"Why—I don't know——

"Have you got anything ahead?"

"Nothing sure. I was working for a firm of contractors up on the North Side, and I've been thinking they'd take me back."

You've had some experience in building before now, haven't you?" Bannon was speaking deliberately, as if he were saying what he had thought out before

"Yes, a good deal. It's what I've mostly done since I quit the lumber business."

When Mr. MacBride was here," said Bannon—"he told me that we've got a contract for a new house at Indianapolis. It's going to be concrete, from the spiles up—there ain't anything like it in the country I'm going down next week to take charge of the job, and if you'd like to go along as my assistant I'll take you."

Max did not know what to say. At first he grinned and blushed, thinking only that Bannon had been pleased with his work; then he grew serious

"Well," said Bannon, "what do you say?"

Max still hesitated. At last he replied:

"Can I have till to-morrow to think about it? I—you see, Hilda and I, we most always talk things over, and I don't exactly like to do anything without

"Sure," said Bannon; "think it over if you like. There's no hurry up to the end of the week."

Bannon smiled and Max turned away. But after he had got a third of the way down the aisle he came back

"Say, Mr. Bannon," he said, "I want to tell you that I—Hilda, she said—she's told me something about things—and I want to——" It had been a lame conversation, now it broke down, and they stood through a long silence without speaking. Finally Max pulled himself together, and said in a low voice: "Say, it's all right. I guess you know what I'm thinking about. And I ain't got a word to say." Then he hurried out.

When Max and Hilda came in the restaurant man was setting up the paper napkin tents on the raised table at the end of the hall, and Pete stood by the door looking upon his work with satisfaction. He did not see them until they were fairly in the room

"Hello," he said; "I didn't know you was coming, Miss Vogel" He swept his arm around. "Ain't it fine? Makes you hungry to look at all them plates?"

Hilda followed his gesture with a smile. Her jacket was still buttoned tightly, and her eyes were bright and her cheeks red from the brisk outer air. Bannon and James were coming toward them, and she greeted them with a nod.

"There's going to be plenty of room," she said

"That's right," Pete replied. "There won't be no elbows getting in the way at this dinner. Come up here where you can see better." He led the way to the platform, and they all followed.

"This is the speaker's table," Pete went on, "where the boss and all will be"—he winked toward Bannon—"and the guest of honor. You show her how we sit, Max; you fixed that part of it."

Max walked around the table, pointing out his own, Pete's, James' and Bannon's seats, and those of the committee. The middle seat, next to Bannon's, he paused over.

"Hold on," said Pete, "you forgot something

Max grinned and drew back the middle chair

"This is for the guest of honor," he said.

"Do you mean me?" Hilda asked

"I guess that's pretty near," said Pete.

She shook her head. "Oh, no—thank you very much—I can't stay

"How about this, Max? You ain't been tending to business. Ain't that so, James? Wasn't he going to see that she come and sat up with us where the boys could see her?" He turned to Hilda. "You see, most of the boys know you've had a good deal to do with things on the job, and they've kind of took a shine to you——" Pete suddenly awoke to the fact that he had never talked so boldly to a girl before. He hesitated, looked around at Max and James for support and at Bannon, and then, finding no help, he grinned, and the warm color surged over his face. The only one who saw it all was Hilda, and in spite of her embarrassment the sight of big, strong, bashful Pete was too much for her. A twinkle came into her eyes, and a faint smile hovered about her mouth. Pete saw it, misunderstood it, and, feeling relieved, went on, not knowing that by bringing that twinkle to Hilda's eyes he had saved the situation.

It's me that they've talked about it some, and yesterday a couple of 'em spoke to me, and I said I'd ask Max, and——"

"Thank you, Mr Peterson," Hilda replied "Max should have told me." She turned toward Max, her face sober now except for the eyes, which would not come under control. Max had been dividing his glances between her and Bannon, feeling the situation heavily, and wondering if he ought not to come to her relief, but unable to dig up the right word. Pete spoke up again.

"Say, honest now, ain't you coming?"

"I can't really. I'm sorry. I know you'll have a good time."

Bannon had been standing aside, unwilling to speak for fear of making it harder for her. But now she turned to him and said, with a lightness that puzzled him:

"Aren't we going to do some decorating, Mr. Bannon? I'm afraid it will be dinner time before Mr. Peterson knows it."

Pete flushed again at this, but she gave him a quick smile.

"Yes," said Bannon, "there's only a little over half an hour." He paused, and looked about the group, holding his watch in his hand and fingering the stem. The lines about his mouth were settling. Hilda glanced again at him, and from the determined look in his eyes she knew that his week of waiting was over; that he meant to speak to her before she left the hall. It was all in the moment's silence that followed his remark; then he went on, as easily as if he were talking to a gang on the marine tower—but the time was long enough for Hilda to feel her brief courage slipping away. She could not look at him now

"Take a look at that door, James," he was saying. "I guess you'll have to tend to business if you want any dinner."

They all turned and saw the grinning heads of some of the carpenters peering into the room

"I'll fix 'em," said James with a laugh, starting toward them.

"Give him a lift, Pete," said Bannon. "He'll need it. You two'd better keep the stairs clear for a while, or they'll stampede us."

So Pete followed, and for a few moments the uproar from the stairs drowned all attempts at conversation. Only Max was left with them now. He stood back by the wall, still looking helplessly from one to the other. The restaurant men were bustling about the floor; and Hilda was glad they were there for she knew that Bannon meant to send Max away, too. She was too nervous to stand still; and she walked around the table, resetting the knives and forks and spoons. The paper napkins on this table were the only ones in the room.

"Aren't the other"—she had to stop to clear her throat—"aren't the other men going to have napkins?"

"They wouldn't know what they were for

His easy tone gave her a momentary sense of relief

"They'd tie them on their hats, or make balls to throw around." He paused, but added, "It wouldn't look bad, though, would it?—to stand them up this way on all the tables

She made no reply

"What do you say?" He was looking at her. "Shall we do it?

She nodded, and then dropped her eyes, angry with herself that she could not overcome her nervousness. There was another silence, and she broke it

"It would look a good deal better," she said, "if you have time to do it. Max and I will put up the flags."

She had meant to say something that would give her a better control of the situation, but it sounded very flat and disagreeable—and

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she had not meant it to sound disagreeable. Indeed, as soon as the words were out, and she felt his eyes on her, and she knew that she was blushing, she was not sure that she had meant it at all. Perhaps that was why, when Bannon asked, in a low voice: "Would you rather Max would help you?" she turned away and answered in a cool tone that did not come from any one of her rushing, struggling thoughts: "If you don't mind."

She did not see the change that came over his face, the weary look that meant that the strain of a week had suddenly broken, but she did not need to see it, for she knew it was there. She heard him step down from the platform, and then she watched him as he walked down the aisle to meet Max, who was bringing up the flags. She wondered impatiently why Bannon did not call to him. Then he raised his head, but before a word had left his lips she was speaking, in a clear tone that Max could plainly hear. She was surprised at herself. She had not meant to say a word, but out it came; and she was conscious of a tightening of her nerves and a defiant gladness that at last her real thoughts had found an outlet.

"Max," she said, "won't you go out and get enough napkins to put at all the places? You'll have to hurry."

Bannon was slow in turning; when he did there was a peculiar expression on his face.

"Hold on there," called a waiter. "There ain't time to fold them."

"Yes, there is," said Bannon shortly. "The boys can wait."

"But dinner's most ready now."

"Then I guess dinner's got to wait, too."

The waiter looked disgusted, and Max hurried out. Bannon gathered up the flags and came to the platform. Hilda could not face him. For an instant she had a wild impulse to follow Max. She finally turned her back on Bannon and leaned her elbows on a chair, looking over the wall for a good place to hang the flags. She was going to begin talking about it as soon as he should reach the platform. The words were all ready, but now he was opposite her, looking across the table with the red and white bundle in his arms, and she had not said it. Her eyes were fixed on a napkin, studying out the curious Japanese design. She could hear his breathing and her own. She let her eyes rise as high as the flags, then slowly, higher and higher, until they met his, fluttered, and dropped. But the glance was enough. She could not have resisted the look in his eyes.

"Did you mean it?" he asked, almost breathlessly. "Did you mean the whole thing?"

She could not reply. She glanced around to see if the waiters could hear.

"Can't you tell me?" he was saying. "It's been a week."

She gazed at the napkin until it grew misty and indistinct. Then she slowly nodded.

A waiter was almost within hearing. Bannon stood looking at her, heedless of everything but that she was there before him, that her eyes were trying to peep up at him through the locks of red-gold hair that had strayed over her forehead.

"Please"—she whispered—"please put them up."

And so they set to work. He got the ladder and she told him what to do. Her directions were not always clear, but that mattered little, for he could not have followed them. Somehow the flags went up, and if the effect was little better than Max's attempt had been no one spoke of it.

Pete and Max came in together soon with the napkins, and a little time slipped by before Bannon could draw Max aside and grip his hand. Then they went at the napkins, and as they sat around the table, Hilda and Bannon, Pete and the waiters, folding them with rapid fingers, Bannon found opportunity to talk to her in a low voice during the times when Pete was whistling, or was chaffing with the waiters. He told her, a few words at a time, of the new work Mr. MacBride had assigned to him, and in his enthusiasm he gave her a little idea of what it would mean to him, this opportunity to build an elevator the like of which had never been seen in the country before, and which would be watched by engineers from New York to San Francisco. It was not until she asked in a faltering undertone: "When are you going to begin?" that it came to him. And then he looked at her so long that Pete began to notice, and she had to touch his foot with hers under the table to get him to turn away. He had forgotten all about the vacation and the St. Lawrence trip.

Hilda saw, in her side glances, the gloomy expression that had settled upon his face; and she recovered her spirits first.

"It's all right," she said; "I don't care."

Max came up, then, from a talk with James out on the stairway, and for a few moments there was no chance to reply. But after Bannon had caught Max's signals to step out of hearing of the others, and before he had risen, there was a moment when Pete's attention was drawn away, and he said.

"Can you go with me—Monday?"

She looked frightened, and the blood rose in her cheeks so that she had to bend low over her pile of napkins.

"Will you?" He was pushing back his chair.

She did not look up, but her head nodded once with a little jerk.

"And you'll stay for the dinner, won't you—now?"

She nodded once more, and Bannon went to join Max.

Max made two false starts before he could get his words out in the proper order.

"Say," he finally said; "I thought maybe you wouldn't care if I told James. He thinks you're all right, you know. And he says, if you don't care, he'd like to say a little something about it when he makes his speech."

Bannon looked around toward Hilda and slowly shook his head.

"Max," he replied, "if anybody says a word about it at this dinner I'll break his head."

That should have been enough, but when James' turn came to speak, after nearly two hours of eating and singing and laughing and riotous good cheer, he began in a way that brought Bannon's eyes quickly upon him.

"Boys," he said, "we've worked hard together on this job, and one way and another we've come to understand what sort of a man our boss is. Ain't that right?"

A roar went up from hundreds of throats, and Hilda, sitting next to Bannon, blushed.

"We've thought we understood him pretty well, but I've just found out that we didn't know so much as we thought we did. He's been a pretty square friend to all of us, and I'm going to tell you something that'll give you a chance to show you're square friends of his, too."

He paused, and then was about to go on, leaning forward with both hands on the table, and looking straight down on the long rows of bearded faces, when he heard a slight noise behind him. A sudden laugh broke out, and before he could turn his head, a strong hand fell on each shoulder and he went back into his chair with a bump. Then he looked up, and saw Bannon standing over him. The boss was trying to speak, but he had to wait a full minute before he could make himself heard. He glanced around and saw the look of appeal in Hilda's eyes.

"Look here, boys," he said, when the room had grown quiet; "we aren't handing out any soft soap at this dinner. I won't let this man up till he promises to quit talking about me."

There was another burst of laughter, and James shouted something that nobody understood. Bannon looked down at him, and said quietly, and with a twinkle in his eye, but very firmly:

"If you try that again, I'll throw you out the window."

James protested, and was allowed to get up. Bannon slipped into his seat by Hilda. "It's all right," he said, in a low tone. "They won't know it now until we get out of here." His hand groped for hers under the table.

James was irrepressible. He was shouting quickly now, in order to get the words out before Bannon could reach him again.

"How about this, boys? Shall we stand it?"

"No!" was the reply, in chorus.

"All right then. Three cheers for Mr. Bannon. Now—Hip, hip——"

There was no stopping that.

# THE

# END


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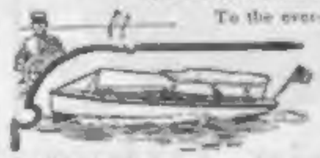

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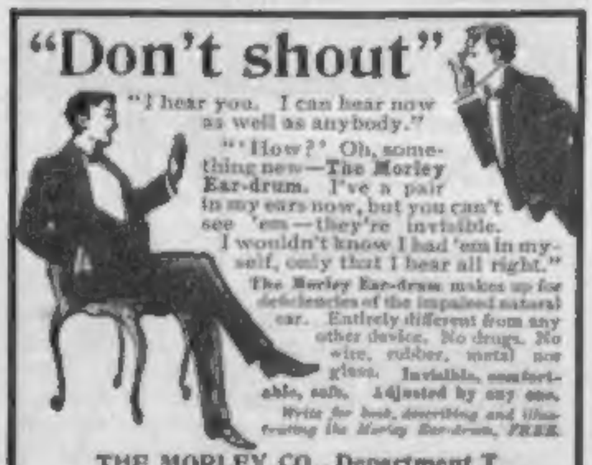

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# Men & Women of the Hour

## An Admiral's Little Dilemma

If Rear-Admiral Lewis A. Kimberly, who was to have been one of the Court of Inquiry that is to examine into the case of Rear-Admiral Schley, were to revise Goldsmith he would probably write a familiar distich thus:

Man wants but Little here below,
Nor wants that Little Large.

When he was at Apia some years ago, during the petty Samoan war, there were among the volunteer nurses two Englishwomen: a Miss Large, who happened to be of diminutive stature, and a Mrs. Little, who was really large. The Admiral's mind was so full of serious problems that he was bothered in getting the names of the two ladies attached to the right personalities.

The appearance of the larger one conveyed a suggestion which naturally made him call her Mrs. Large, and the little woman, by the same mental process, became for him Miss Little. That was all very well for a few times, and then Mrs. Little expostulated. She could take a joke, she said, as long as it could be considered a joke, but when carried too far it began to look like insult.

The Admiral expressed deep regret that he should have thus distressed her, and naval tradition represents him as offering an explanation somewhat in this wise:

"Mrs. Little, were you less large I should have no difficulty in remembering that you are Little, but you yourself must acknowledge that large as you are it is a little hard to call you Little. You know that a large care rests upon me, and I have little time for a little matter like this. Bear with me a little, and you will see what is largely responsible for my seeming neglect to recall your name. When I meet you and your excellent colleague, Miss Large, I recognize you immediately, Mrs. Little. But so long as Miss Large is little and Mrs. Little is large, then my mind trips me. I make the natural mistake of calling Miss Large Miss Little and Mrs. Little Mrs. Large. But now that you have called my attention to my unfortunate error I shall not make that blunder again. All that I must do is to fix in my mind that Little is large and Large is little, and therefore if I call the little one Large and the large one Little I shall be all right. Thank you so much for setting me right."

## Bluffing with an Unloaded Gatling

Corporation Counsel Charles M. Walker has recently been Acting Mayor of Chicago, and has several times, before this, represented Mr. Harrison in that capacity. How, on one of these occasions, he averted a bloody riot and prevented the loss of many lives by cool judgment and a play of strategy, was a dramatic episode.

While driving from his home on the North Shore to the City Hall he had to pass the point of shore-land claimed by Chicago's "Squatter King," Captain George Streeter. Years ago the craft of the old lake captain was cast up on this shore. The doughty adventurer continued to live in this stranded schooner until the waves deposited about the boat an increment of land several acres in extent and easily worth a million dollars. This tract he claimed as his personal property, called about him a company of adventurers, organized his community into "The District of Lake Michigan," and then boldly served notice on all State and municipal authorities that any attempt to disturb his squatter sovereignty would be met with armed resistance.

This edict had been out only a few hours when Acting Mayor Walker attempted to pass that portion of the Lake Shore Drive which cut through the so-called "District of Lake Michigan." As he approached the disputed tract there was a loud command to halt. Before him he saw a line of breastworks and a group of men armed with rifles, revolvers and shotguns, not to mention an old-fashioned cannon.

"If you enter The District of Lake Michigan," declared the sentinel, "you'll be a dead man." The party looked determined enough for any deed, no matter how rash, and the Acting Mayor wisely wheeled about and took another thoroughfare to his office. There he found his telephone jangling with calls from terrified North Siders who had also been held up at the point of the pickets' guns. The chief of the Lincoln Park police had been grazed by a bullet and his horse shot from under him, and another ball, aimed


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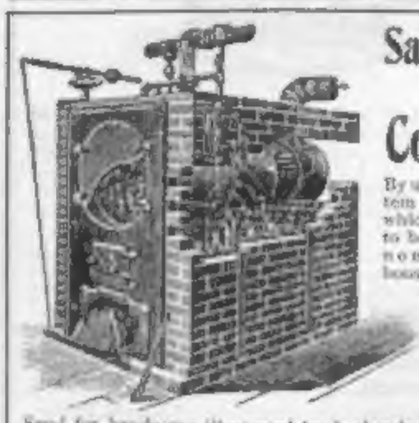

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at a park policeman, had wounded a child. Mr. Walker first began to analyze the situation from a legal viewpoint. This at once brought to light a peculiar complication. The main portion of the squatter's domain being off the shore of Lincoln Park, it was outside the jurisdiction of the city of Chicago, which has no authority whatever inside of park limits. If city police should be sent to put down the uprising and any person should be killed or injured, the municipality would be legally liable for heavy damages, and if death should result from a shot fired by a bluecoat the unfortunate officer might be held for murder.

The Acting Mayor, however, quickly formed a plan of campaign and put it into operation. Sending for the Sheriff of Cook County, an official having power to make arrests in park territory, Mr. Walker explained the situation and said:

"Go with the Chief of Police to the scene of the riots. Under the law you have the power to call upon any bystanders to act as deputy sheriffs to assist in making arrests, and I'll have five hundred bystanders in blue uniforms awaiting your word. Then, besides, there is the park police force."

Orders were telegraphed to all adjacent police stations and in fifteen minutes a stream of bluecoats began to pour in upon the defiant squatters. Inside of an hour five hundred of them had been mobilized for action. In addition to side-arms they brought a Gatling gun. This was trained upon the picket-line of squatters. One moment the rioters hesitated, looked at the Gatling gun, surveyed the array of policemen, and then surrendered.

The Gatling gun, by the way, was innocent of ammunition.

### Nine Hats on a Congressman

Representative Joseph W. Babcock, of Wisconsin, the author of the proposal to remove protective duties from articles manufactured by trusts, used to take considerable pride in his powers as a political prophet. In the canvass preceding the general election of 1894 he was, as Chairman of the Congressional Campaign Committee, the centre of attraction to a group of Washington correspondents whose business it was to keep up with the progress of affairs. One day, when nine of these men were in his office at once, somebody suggested that every one present mark on a slip of paper his best guess at the Republican membership of the next House of Representatives.

"All right," responded the Congressman; "and the man who guesses furthest from the truth is to put up a supper for the whole party."

The guesses ran all the way from Babcock's 233 down to 166, marked by a very enthusiastic Democrat. When the votes were counted on election night the Republicans were found to number 244. The nine correspondents all met, by what appeared like a coincidence, at the Babcock headquarters a week later. Every man wore a new, shiny silk hat.

"You gentlemen seem very resplendent up aloft," remarked Mr. Babcock, glancing from one head to another. "Where did you get all of those new hats?"

"Won them on the election!" the group answered in chorus.

The words were scarcely spoken when a stranger entered with an envelope addressed to Mr. Babcock. He tore it open and drew forth a bill from one of the leading outfitters of Washington:

To 9 silk hats, at $8—$72.

"I haven't ordered any hats from this place!" roared the Chairman. "What does this mean?"

"We got them at your expense!" came in a second chorus from his visitors.

"Don't you remember," added one of the correspondents, "that you said that if your guess came nearest to the right figures you would give us each a silk hat?"

"No, I don't! I didn't say anything of the sort! It was agreed that we were all to have a supper at the expense of the man who made the worst guess."

"Oh, pshaw! you've forgotten!" was the third chorus, uttered with a suspicious uniformity and rhythm, suggesting rehearsals in advance.

"What could I do?" said Babcock afterward, narrating the incident to a sympathetic friend. "There were nine of those rascals against only one of me. Of course, they could have borne me down with such a weight of testimony, even in a court of law. I paid for the hats—I had to. But, though more than six years have passed, I haven't tasted a morsel of that supper yet."

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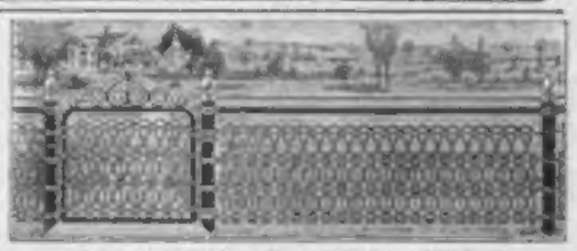

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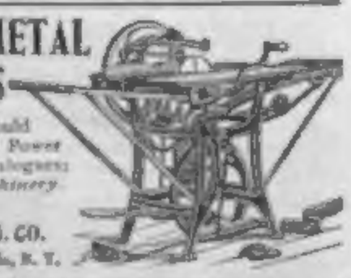

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## The Past and Future of Telegraph & Telephone

(Concluded from Page 3)

invisible light can affect the receiving apparatus is correspondingly increased by the use of a guiding wire.

From this point of view, which has slowly been reached as the result of much scientific and practical investigation, the electric current carried over a wire is not really in the wire, but runs through the space surrounding the wire, and the wire acts only as the guide or channel directing the waves.

The great field for wireless telegraphy is the surface of the ocean. Here no permanent telegraph wires can be floated, and no permanent telegraphic communication with moving vessels can be secured by wire in the ordinary way. Moreover, it is a curious fact that wireless telegraphy can be carried successfully over a considerably greater radius, or to a longer distance, over the sea than over the land. This seems to be due to the fact that the surface of the earth is electrically a poorer conductor than the surface of the sea.

We may hope that, in the future, lighthouses will be equipped with wireless telegraph apparatus, and ships upon the ocean with receivers and transmitters on their masts, in such a manner that not only will vessels be warned of their approach to land from a great distance, and in spite of fog or darkness, but also that messages may be exchanged between vessels and the land.

As for telephony, we may expect improvements in apparatus, as time goes by, whereby telephonic conversations will be more loudly reproduced, and also carried to greater and greater distances, when desired. The system of telephonic communication should increase and ramify until all buildings, save the smallest, shall be in telephonic communication.

### *A New Way to Send Telegrams*

As regards telegraphy, the present limits are temporarily set; in order to make a marked improvement it would seem that radical innovations will be necessary. It is, however, possible and practicable to make the telegraph carry more communication than it now does, and the mail less. In other words the telegraph can be made to rob the mails of their more important letters to a greater extent than the depredation is carried on to-day. In a certain sense it may be said that at the present time the telegraph carries as much of the mail service as the telegraph rates justify. Consequently we cannot expect telegrams to rob the mails further unless the cost of telegraphy is further reduced, and it is difficult to see how that cost can be substantially reduced under existing conditions. One way in which the cost of telegraphic transmission can be reduced is by stenographers learning the Morse code, and learning to write out their important letters in perforation upon a band of paper. This band of perforated paper could then be carried to the nearest telegraph office, say in New York, and passed through a mechanical transmitter there at the rate of 1000 words a minute, for a distance of 1000 miles, or say to Chicago. The paper band at Chicago, with this message written upon it by the automatic action of the receiving instrument, could then be sent, by messenger, to the Chicago mercantile office of destination, by which process a letter of five hundred words would occupy the wire only half a minute. The work of deciphering at the receiving end, and of perforating at the transmitting end, would be accomplished by the stenographers in the receiving and the sending mercantile offices respectively. It is by some such system that we may expect letters which would take twenty-four hours to deliver by express train to take one hour by wire: viz., fifteen minutes in perforation, ten minutes in messenger delivery, ten minutes' delay in waiting turn on the circuit, half a minute in transmission by wire, ten minutes in manual delivery and fifteen minutes in deciphering, or about one hour in all for a 500-word communication.

Since hearing by wire is already an accomplished fact, in telephony, the question arises as to whether it is possible to see by wire. Seeing by wire appears far more difficult than hearing, since the vibrations of light are counted in trillions each second, whereas those of sound in hearing are only in hundreds; but, after all, the problem is not more unsolvable to-day than that of hearing by wire must have seemed fifty years ago, and if the presentation to the eye of a distant picture is not accomplished directly, the future may find a means for accomplishing it indirectly.

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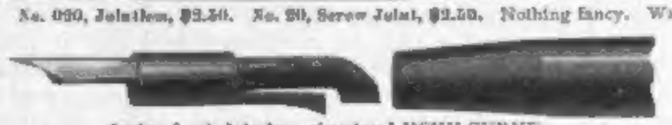

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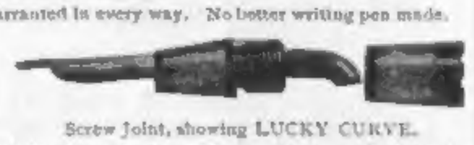

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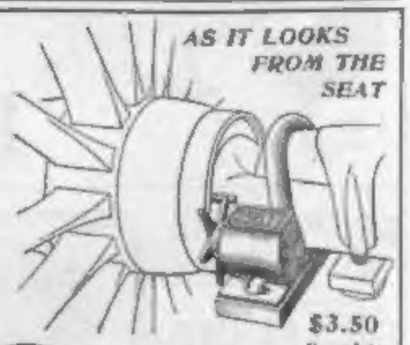


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